

Liberty

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JAN. 17, 1942

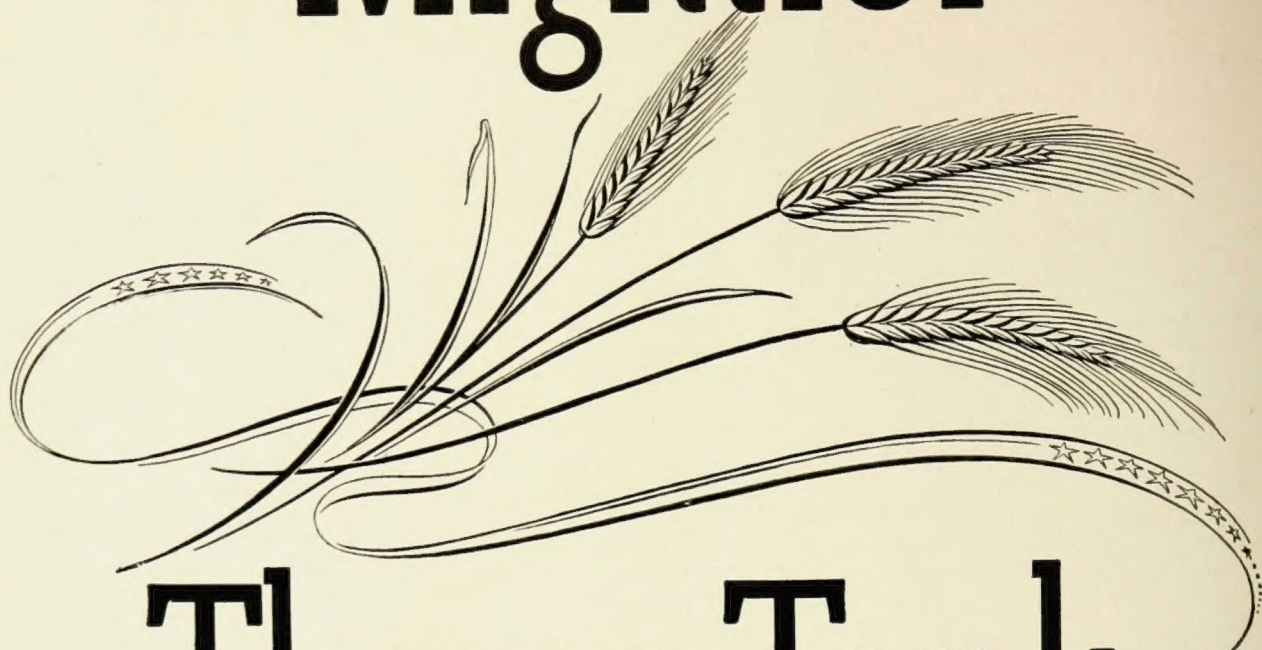


MICKEY ROONEY—The Life and Loves of Box-Office Man No. 1

THE BATTLE OF DETROIT

MORE ABOUT STALIN, BY EMIL LUDWIG

Mightier



Than a Tank

Tanks can batter their way through battle lines.

Bombers can blast whole cities into the earth.

But neither can conquer a people whose nerves can "take it," whose strength is great, whose courage is high.



THERE is a greater enemy to nerves and strength and courage than tanks and bombers. It is the *lack* of a tiny ingredient—found so generously in a grain of wheat—Vitamin B₁. Without this ingredient, we become listless, moody, weary and afraid. The starving peoples of Europe know this only too well.

In the United States of America there is no reason why everyone cannot have his share of this very important Vitamin B₁. Millers have found scientific ways to mill flour so that it retains Vitamin B₁ and other members of the B-Complex "family," plus food iron. They have gone even farther; those

essential ingredients now can actually be added, either in yeast or pure chemical compounds, so that the *Enriched* Bread you buy from your baker or the enriched flour you buy for your home has the recommended amount of each!

This flour, and the tasty rolls, biscuits and bread it makes, are available to *all of us*. Enriched flour turns out baked products that taste exactly like they've always tasted, but made with this new kind of flour, these foods now add to your diet precious food factors to bolster your strength, protect your health.

Wherever you see flour advertised as "Enriched," your merchant is offering a product that is aiding our Government's program to make America strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Liberty.

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.



MILK AND CHEESE—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

MEAT, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins: meat and eggs also for iron.



GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



BREAD, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

How you can catch cold—and what to do about it



DUCK THAT KISS if the one you are kissing has a cold. Kissing is one of the surest ways of exposing yourself; bacteria may travel by direct contact.



LOOK OUT FOR SNEEZERS AND COUGHERS! Bacteria are shot into the air by coughs and sneezes and may enter your nose or mouth.



SUDDEN CHANGES OF TEMPERATURE make certain types of people more susceptible to colds. In some cases they weaken resistance so that bacteria, already present, may get the upperhand.



NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



IN SOME PERSONS DRAFTS cause disturbances of the circulatory system and, as in the case of sudden temperature changes, may lower body resistance.



BEFORE HANDLING BABY! If you have a cold yourself or have shaken hands with someone who has, always rinse your hands with full strength Listerine. Germs thrive on moist hand surfaces.



UTENSILS USED BY THOSE WITH COLDS may communicate the infection to others. Be particularly careful about children.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD or SORE THROAT Gargle LISTERINE—QUICK!

This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill

literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason (see panel above). In the opinion of many leading medical men these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold . . . make it troublesome . . . result in the distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on the mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . up to 80% an hour after.

In view of this impressive evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office . . . to pack it when you travel . . . to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first hint of trouble?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



WATCH YOUR THROAT
where illness often starts
LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

ONLY 75¢ Batteries Included

Genuine du Pont "Lucite" Illuminator

Vox Pop

THE FIRST WORD— FROM OUR READERS

SO SAY WE ALL OF US

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The time to defend our precious liberty has arrived. Let us all stand together in this crisis and do our part, that our nation may emerge from this conflict with victory and all its freedoms intact.—*Richard A. Fuentes.*

FOLKS THOUGHT IT ALL FANTASY THEN

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—About six years ago Liberty ran a most interesting story about a Japanese invasion of the United States. It was prophetic then and would be timely now, for it contained almost exactly what happened during those first war days in the Pacific.—*James Lybrant Tomlin.*

God grant it is not prophetic—but it did forecast with an uncanny degree of accuracy the raid on Hawaii and its immediate results. The story was *Without Warning*, a novel by Major George Fielding Eliot and Edward Doherty, published in Liberty in 1936.—*Vox Pop Ed.*

HOW RIGHT EVENTS PROVED YOU TO BE!

MANILA, PHILIPPINES—I have just read with great interest *The Japanese Ambassador Plants a Story*, by Hallett Abend (October 18 Liberty). Japanese government propaganda is even more scandalous here in the Philippines than in the continental U. S. A. Already, deeply into the political and economic soil of our country Japan has struck her root.—*Franco Vera Reyes, President, F. V. Reyes Corporation.*

REMINDS HIM OF A STORY

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Your editorial *Partners in Our Future* (December 13 Liberty) was sound and healthy, and should be reprinted by both cap-

ital and labor. But the partnership of capital and labor for the future should not be built on a very apropos yarn. Concerns the restaurant owner advertising his rabbit stew. A city inspector questioned him: "Is it all rabbit?" "No; I've mixed it with horse meat." "What percentage?" "Fifty-fifty—one horse and one rabbit."—*Martin Sennett Kramer.*

DON'T LOOK NOW, MR. NATHAN, BUT . .

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Please thank Mr. George Jean Nathan for his list of "ham melodrama, dramatic chow, and shameless hokum" (The Business of Losing Money, December 6 Liberty)—so-called plays through which I and thousands of fellow imbeciles have sat and wept and laughed and—yes, by the unholy image of the devil himself—enjoyed ourselves.

Just one of millions of country gawks who like the minimum of critical quality in their ham, chow, hokum, and George Jean Nathan.—*R. M. Clough.*

RIGHT!

SANTA CRUZ, CALIF.—That I-Mean-an-Unbeatable-Navy article by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox (December 6 Liberty) was, to all who love the good way of life, like a blessing that cometh from the blue.—*Bienvenido T. Tabios.*

P.S. I am a Filipino who owes allegiance to the good U. S. A.

FRANKLY, A VERY NICE SLOGAN

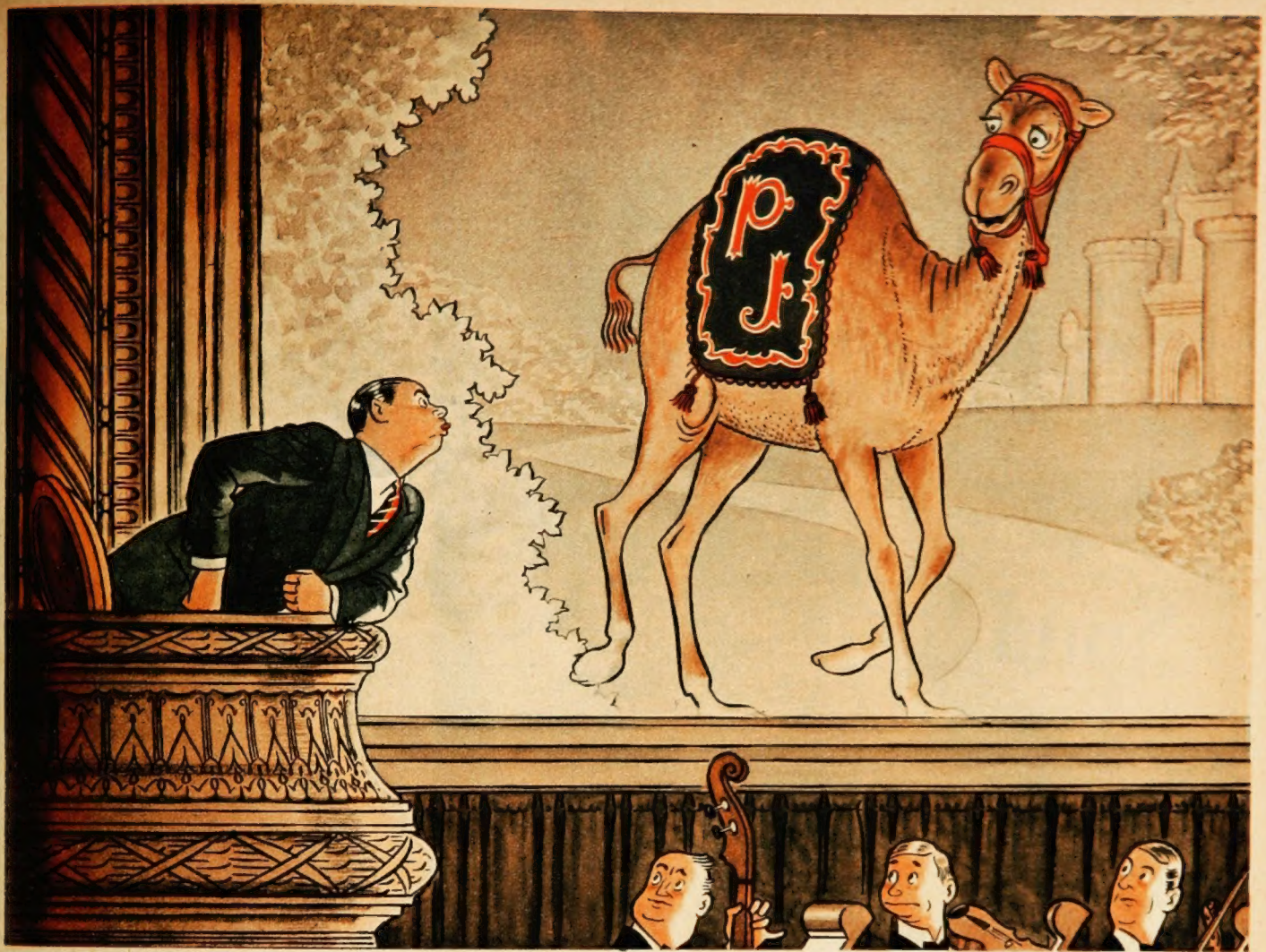
BRIGGSVILLE, WIS.—Frankly, you are not "kidding" me by thanking me for a Vox Pop letter. It is a patent indication that my raking Liberty over the coals for its amateurish claptrap will not be printed. Any criticism of Liberty is not published. "Bouquets Not Brickbats" is your slogan.—*Colonel Frank B. Kraus.*

NO APPLE IN EDEN?

AMBOY, MINN.—Twenty Questions, in your December 6 issue, has something about three episodes with apples playing a part. The answer for one question is "the apple in the Gar—" (Continued on page 40)



Can Knitting for Britain wait a few minutes while Home Defense Corps gets a button sewed on?



“Phooooie on Animal Acts!”

MAN IN BOX: Go away! I'm tired of trained seals, dogs on tight wires, and baboons that play the harmonica!

CAMEL: O Cheerer from the Bronx—this is no animal act, but a *lecture* on the virtues of the discerning tongue and the wise whiskey buyer.

MAN: Shades of Shakespeare! You mean you're going to entertain me with *that*?

CAMEL: Not only entertain, O First Nighter—but move you to gales of applause, with the tale of the very best *buy* in whiskey—*dry* PAUL JONES!

MAN: Dry? PAUL JONES? A buy? What's all this about?

CAMEL: Did you not know, O Heckler, that the very best *buy* is the whiskey that's *dry*—PAUL JONES? That the discerning tongue realizes how *dryness* (or lack of sweet-

ness) does as much to bring out the beauties of a whiskey as a spotlight does for an ingenue?

MAN: Very interesting, my Bedouin Burlesquer. You're not going to pass out samples are you?

CAMEL: —And did you not know that this rare quality of dryness, which so delights connoisseurs and is usually reserved for the rich, is yours in PAUL JONES at a price even those in the top balcony can pay?

MAN: Say, this isn't a lecture—it's a *revelation*! The very best *buy*—PAUL JONES? It's *DRY*? Tell me more!

CAMEL: My regrets, Impetuous One—the tumblers await their entrance. But do drop in at the local firehouse tonight. I'm doing a benefit.

*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry*

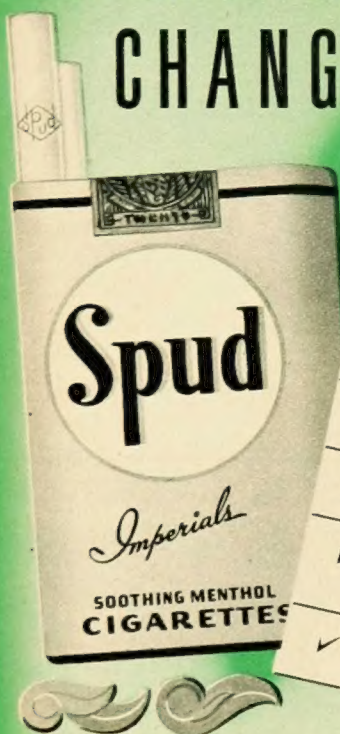
Paul Jones



A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

THERE COMES A TIME

WHEN COMMON SENSE TELLS YOU--
CHANGE TO SPUDS



THEN—ENJOY THEIR COOLING SMOOTHNESS
AND GIVE YOUR THROAT A REST!

The new, improved Spud Imperials are made for a definite purpose—designed to protect your throat from irritation caused by ordinary cigarettes.

SPUDS ARE SUPERIOR IN 3 WAYS:

GREATER SAFETY—The special moisture-retaining agent used in Spud Imperials does not produce acrolein—a throat irritant found in the smoke of nearly all cigarettes. In addition, Spuds are made 20% longer to give you a cooler, better-filtered smoke.

MILDER MENTHOL—An exclusive, patented process distributes menthol more mildly and evenly throughout Spuds. *No menthol overdosing!*

BETTER QUALITY—Spud Imperials are made of an extremely mild blend of the finest vintage tobaccos—aged to perfect mellowness. No coupons—just high quality tobacco!

Try the new, improved Spud Imperials. Smoke them as long as you like—and by all means change to Spuds when your throat is irritated. It's safer. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc. "House of Tradition."



MAN TO MAN

BY GERALD McCANN

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★ NOTWITHSTANDING our war efforts, many of us will need a short winter vacation to relieve the strain caused by unusually hard work. Whether this takes you North for the snow or South for the sun, the best outfit for traveling itself, and for general wear around any resort, is a tweed jacket, gray flannel trousers, sturdy brown shoes, and a snap-brim hat. The one thing you won't need on your holiday is a business suit.

If you plan to go South don't let the pretty pictures of sun-drenched beaches trick you into leaving all your warm clothes at home. At this season the sun may be bright, but the thermometer doesn't boil even in our sub-tropical paradises. You'll often find a camel's-hair coat, or its equivalent, a great comfort.

Furthermore, you may get some days when a lightweight raincoat will be just what you need. John Wanamaker and other stores throughout the country carry one that fills the bill. It is a fly-front raglan made of tan cotton poplin proofed by the Zelan process which survives dry-cleaning and makes it possible to remove spots—even ink spots—with a wet cloth. The price is thirteen fifty.

Include shirts, underwear, socks, a sweater, an extra flannel or gabardine suit, extra shoes, and you have your basic outfit.

What you add should depend on the length of your trip and your mode of travel. In a plane or bus, where baggage space is limited, one medium-sized suitcase and a small bag—for books, toilet articles, and the like—should be enough.

I prefer a flat case to a kit bag because it's easier to pack and the clothes get less wrinkled. Those covered with fabric that doesn't pretend to be anything else are smart, inexpensive, durable, and light in weight. This last is important because planes charge excess for every pound over forty.

Resort clothes are getting more sensible and better-looking. Leisure coats have more shape and less saddle stitching, fancy shoes are giving way



to Norwegian moccasins, and long-sleeved sports shirts are very much to the fore. There are several interesting designs on the market—watch for them in your local shops. B. V. D.'s Rover is sold for two dollars by John David in New York. Made of spun rayon, it has a collar that looks as well with a tie as without, and a yoke with points that form the buttoned flaps of two breast pockets.

Abercrombie & Fitch has the Free-for-All, in which the body and sleeves are cut all in one piece, so that the only seams are up the sides and down the inside of the arms. Ten dollars, in a rayon-and-wool plaid that is exclusive with them.

The back of R. H. Macy's Stretch Back is cut on the bias. It gives when you move but tends to stay close to the body. Three ninety-eight in a rayon-and-wool mixture; three sixty-nine in all-rayon that looks like linen.

Matching slacks and shirts seem to be going out. If you have such a suit, buy another and mix up the pieces.

As I said, leisure coats have more shape—they are being cut more like blazers than like abbreviated bathrobes. Jackets of light tan corduroy with a rather fine wale seem due for a run of popularity. Broad-street charges thirteen fifty for one that is cut like a regular coat, is fully lined, has a flap on the breast pocket as well as on the two side pockets, three leather buttons, and a vent in the back.

You'll see plenty of those very brief knitted bathing trunks, especially on youngsters, but you'll also notice an increase of fairly loose shorts made of woven fabrics; the latter are much more suitable for a man whose waistline isn't what it used to be.

Plain navy-blue gabardine is perhaps the smartest choice, but loud patterns are still being bought by a surprising number of conservative men. Brooks Bros.' African prints in the deep violent colors of tropical foliage make Hawaiian prints and Javanese batiks seem mild. Macy has large Pueblo plaids composed of three shades of one color. Abercrombie & Fitch has had some made of seersucker in light-colored glen plaids.

WONDERS OF AMERICA

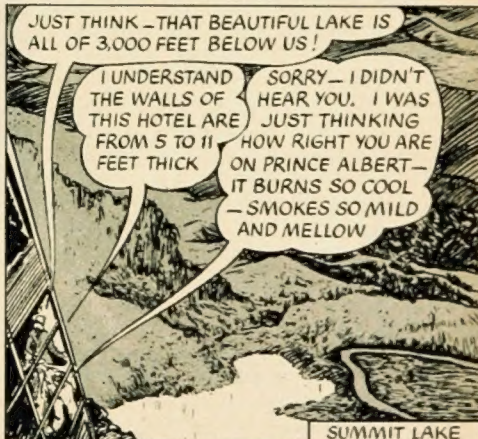
Sky Hotel



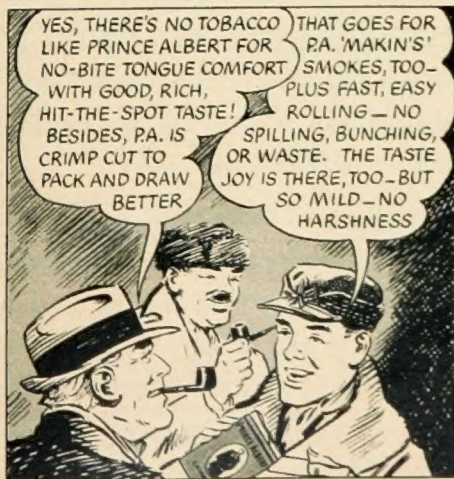
MT. EVANS, COLORADO



IN RECENT LABORATORY
"SMOKING BOWL" TESTS,
PRINCE ALBERT BURNED
86 DEGREES COOLER
THAN THE AVERAGE OF
THE 30 OTHER OF THE
LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS
TESTED—**COOLEST OF ALL!**



SUMMIT LAKE



50
PIPEFULS
OF FRAGRANT
TOBACCO IN
EVERY HANDY
POCKET TIN OF
PRINCE
ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.,
Winston-Salem,
N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND
CIGARETTE TOBACCO



“
*S*ervice to the nation in peace and war”

Following the last World War a bronze and marble group was placed in the lobby of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company building in New York. On it are inscribed these words, “Service to the nation in peace and war.”

They are more than words. They are the very spirit of the entire Bell System organization. In these stirring days, we pledge ourselves again to the service of the nation . . . so that “Government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



WE ARE STILL A FREE PEOPLE



★ AS this issue of Liberty goes to press, we have just had a great celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Bill of Rights—and the President has just appointed a Director of Censorship.

President Roosevelt, speaking to the nation on December 15, reaffirmed our faith in the Bill of Rights in terms that could not ever be twisted or distorted. Never did he speak more truly as the voice of a whole and united people.

Yet the next day censorship came.

We, the people, will, under the stern necessities of war, yield up temporarily a portion of our heritage of liberty. We will do so that the principle of liberty itself shall survive. We will do it loyally and faithfully, holding back nothing that may help bring the victory. We will do it, trusting in those promises made by President Roosevelt that we shall be told the truth without delay, so soon as the facts are confirmed, and unless the news would help the enemy.

Even so, we must do so with misgivings. We can and do trust the President—but we hold a healthy distrust for the bureaucracy which must interpret his policies in action. No censorship was ever yet devised that was not at the mercy of the weakness of men, their fears, and the headiness that comes with authority. All too often censorship degenerates into a screen to hide incompetence. And even when that does not happen, the stupidity of censorship is often more evident than its wisdom.

Some kind of censorship in wartime is not only inevitable; it is sensible and right. We must control the mail and telegrams and telephone calls that leave this country. We must strike hard and soon at all subversive writings and speeches; at every effort to use the excitement of war to undermine the principles, the foundations of our form of government. That is especially true of Communist propaganda, which must not be coddled like a serpent at our breast because the Russian armies are also fighting, and bravely, against the common enemy. We honor the Russian soldiers; but we still say "To hell with Communism!"

But how far is this censorship to go?

One hears in Washington it is to be "intelligent but firm." That may mean anything the censors want it to mean. Will it be called "firmness" to shut off criticism of the conduct of the war? If so, God help us all!

Let us never forget an example once before quoted in Liberty—the heroic example of Lord Northcliffe in the last war. In the early days of that conflict, Lord Kitchener was running the army. All his life Lord Kitchener had used shrapnel, so he went right on using it. The Germans were using something new—high explosives. Northcliffe, in his newspaper, began to demand the abolition of shrapnel and the counter-use of high explosives by the British armies. No one in authority would take his advice. He pointed out that Britons were dying on the battlefield because shrapnel could not prevail over high explosives. Still Premier Asquith supported Lord Kitchener and his outmoded theories.

Scorn was heaped on Northcliffe's head. He was called a traitor to his country; some wanted to send him to London Tower. His newspapers were publicly burned on the London Stock Exchange. Yet he kept right on, and the time came when his voice was heard. Kitchener's duties were lessened, Asquith's Cabinet eventually fell, and Lloyd George became Prime Minister of what was to be the victorious government—a government that saw to it that the British armies had high explosives.

Northcliffe did not fail his people. No censor could silence his editorial guns. We believe that the safety of America calls for equal courage on the part of our editors and publishers under the censorship.

There is no editor in America today of whom it cannot be said that he is a patriot, determined to do his share, and more than his share, to win this war. But it is a part, a solemn part, of every editor's duty to point out weakness, to discover incompetence, and to expose it. That is the highest kind of patriotic service, and any censorship that would throttle that right to uncover incompetence is itself unpatriotic and dangerous. We do agree, indeed, with the President that such criticism should be based on known and confirmed facts.

That is all the more reason why we should get the facts as quickly and as completely as possible.

The American people will not tremble before bad news. They may, however, easily be demoralized by rumors spread by enemy agents from mouth to ear in the absence of news. We are still a free people. Let us never be less than free. Liberty believes that the government must put its trust in the people as the people have put their trust in the government.

JANUARY 17, 1942 . . . LIBERTY . . . VOLUME 19, NUMBER 3

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MICKEY ROONEY-

In Babes on Broadway with Judy Garland. Below: Our hero, aged eleven months.

PHOTOS FROM
M-G-M

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BOX-OFFICE MAN NO. 1

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART ONE—HOLLYWOOD'S NIGHTMARE AND PRIDE

★ "MICKEY ROONEY," said one of the screen's greatest actresses recently, "is the only dangerous man in Hollywood."

He must be. For, while such professional heartbreakers as Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, and Charles Boyer stay at home in the company of their respective wives, Mickey is doing his manly best to keep the night-club proprietors off the WPA payrolls. A study of the gossip columns discloses that during the year of grace 1941, previous to his decision to marry Ava Gardner, this five-foot-three, hun-

dred-and-thirty-pound boy, who was born in Brooklyn, New York, twenty-one years ago and was christened Joe Yule, Junior, was engaged in the pursuit of eleven different ladies.

Blondes, brunettes, and redheads, stars, starlets, and models, sweetie-pies and hell-on-wheels, they all had one thing in common. Every one of them was at least six inches taller than Andy Hardy. Linda Darnell, who for almost a whole month enjoyed the reputation of "the one and only girl in Rooney's life," confesses that she purchased four pairs of low-heeled shoes for no other reason except to avoid hurting Mickey's feelings. Her intention, while a praiseworthy one, evoked mirth in Hollywood. Nobody in Greater Los Angeles





At four he played midget roles; at five he was "washed up," his mother was told.



Impersonations were Rooney's dish at the time this was taken. He was twelve.



Caught in a coy pose at ten, with years of acting experience already behind him.



Ava Gardner, young actress on the M.G.M. lot, who has replaced the procession of girls in Mickey's heart. She will become Mrs. Rooney.



In Judge Hardy and Son, Rooney and his father (Lewis Stone) have a serious task.



Spencer Tracy thought there ought to be a law against Rooney; now they're friends.

believes that any one or anything could possibly embarrass Mickey.

A few years ago, while spending a week-end in Arrowhead Springs, the Mighty Mite spotted three very beautiful and exceedingly tall girls who were posing for a cover for a national magazine. Always a man of action, Mickey called the photographer aside and said: "Look—I've a proposition for you. How about selling a bill of goods to your cuties? I want them to kiss me in public. I don't give a damn about being kissed, but the truth is, there's a dame here I'm trying to impress." The photographer felt that Mr. Rooney should do his own soliciting. "No hard feelings," said Mickey. "I'll do my own selling."

He did. He offered a dollar apiece to the three beauties for a kiss on the forehead. They turned him down flat. It was ten dollars apiece or nothing. Mickey nearly burst a vein. The girls were nuts, plain nuts. Didn't they know that one hundred dollars a week was all that he was permitted to keep for himself out of his earnings? Where would he wind up if he began paying ten dollars for a kiss?

After much heated debate he met the models one ninth of the way. It was to be two dollars apiece for a kiss on the forehead. The transaction was to take place at high noon, near the swimming pool, in full view of some two hundred week-enders. So far, so good. Unfortunately for Mickey, he failed to specify whether the girls should sit down or stand up. Ungrate-

ful wenches, they chose to stand up. . . . The shortest of them was five feet ten. And so Mickey had to leap high up in the air in order to collect his kisses. The audience howled and cheered and yelled for an encore. Was Mr. Rooney embarrassed? Not in the least. He took a bow and obliged with a dance routine.

Only once in his many dealings with amazons did the creator of Andy Hardy register an emotion suggesting embarrassment. He had a date with a very tall and beautiful young lady by the name of Vicki Lester. When he called for her at her house at the appointed hour, he found the living room littered with electric trains, wooden soldiers, and various other toys. Mickey straightened up to his full height of five feet three and walked out on the brazen minx. Next morning he discovered that the toys were intended not for him but for Vicki Lester's six-year-old son. . . .

At twenty-one, with nineteen years and nine months of vaudeville, stage, screen, and radio experience behind him (he made his debut at the age of fifteen months), Mickey stands in the very far front of the amusement industry. For two successive years he has been voted as number one box-office attraction by America's twenty-four thousand motion-picture exhibitors. He makes more money for his employers than Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, and Spencer Tracy combined. His personal appearances attract bigger crowds than the closing

rally of a Presidential campaign. His Crossley radio rating compares favorably with that of Charlie McCarthy. The trust fund created for him by his guardians amounts to well over a million dollars. His contract with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer people—while never revealed by them—is reported to call for an annual outlay of \$150,000.

His personal possessions include a five-acre ranch, a twelve-room house, a race horse named Bing Crosby, a football team, a jazz band, three dogs, two cars, a parrot, a cat, and a wardrobe which he admits to be "more extensive and more elaborate" than that of Clark Gable. Gable concedes the point. In fact, he has long since given up the idea of competing with Mickey. When he arrived recently at the studio in a brand-new green roadster featuring all sorts of chromium-plated gadgets, he discovered that Mickey too had bought a roadster just as green, just as full of gadgets, just as long, and just as shiny. "Some day," said Gable, "I'll play a dirty trick on that kid. I'll start wearing a sarong and riding around in a hearse."

Mickey's future is secure. No showman since the days of George M. Cohan has had so many facets to his personality. He can sing, dance, do imitations, and he's the best master of ceremonies this country has ever seen. He can lead a band, play nine different instruments, and he's a composer of no mean achievement.

In collaboration with the twenty-year-old Sidney Miller, a boy whom he originally met while making the Micky McGuire series of pictures years ago, he has written several popular songs. Have a Heart, Oceans Apart, and That's What Love Will Do for You became national best sellers and were played by every big-name band in America.

Not satisfied with writing popular songs, and envious of such of his predecessors as Schubert and Schumann, who too began by writing love ballads, Mickey decided two years ago that he would write a symphony. "What are you going to call it, Mickey?" asked a friend. "Melodante," said Mickey uncertainly. "How do you spell it?" "I don't," said Mickey; "you go ahead and spell it." But write it he did. It is a three-part symphony which moved a well known conductor to exclaim: "What a pity it is that Mickey has to waste his time on that Andy Hardy nonsense!"

When Mickey first played it on the piano in Constitution Hall in Washington, Ethel Barrymore, who was present in the national capital to attend the annual Presidential ball, went into wild ecstasies. She embraced Mickey and predicted a brilliant musical future for him. The Mighty Mite was so touched by this compliment that he decided he should do something for the first lady of the American theater.

The following night both Miss Barrymore and Mr. Rooney were appearing on a coast-to-coast broadcast. During the rehearsal Miss Barrymore

was heard wondering out loud whether she should pronounce the word "minute" as "min-uti" or "my-newt." "Let me help you," said Mickey. He grabbed the manuscript out of her hand, glanced at it, and said: "It's my-newt, of course. That's how I pronounce it in my pictures and they grossed thirty million bucks for Mr. Mayer last year."

Stage, screen, radio, and music do not exhaust Mickey's war potential. The sports experts who have had occasion to watch him in action unanimously agree that, should he choose, he could make a handsome living by becoming a professional golfer, tennis player, swimmer, or bowler. He shoots golf in the middle seventies and with a slight effort on his part can do at least five points better. Teamed with Bobby Riggs, the national tennis champion, he recently administered a severe licking to such top-flight doubles combinations as Frank Covacs and Ted Schroeder. He swims and dives almost as well as Johnny Weissmuller, and the habitués of the Los Angeles bowling alleys swear that his average is closer to 250 than to 200.

★ NEVER the one to question his genius or his unlimited opportunities, Mickey is aware, however, that not everybody in the United States is a Rooney fan and that there are some disgruntled ladies and gentlemen who would rather be dead than caught in a theater showing an Andy Hardy picture. Their reaction, puzzling as it is to Mickey, does not throw him into a fit of despondency. He is firmly convinced that somehow and somewhere, sooner or later, he will manage to prove even to his most vitriolic detractors that his brassy personality is only a smoke screen hiding a gentleman and a scholar.

To a newspaper editor who asked him recently, "Mickey, are you just as tough and just as brazen off the screen as you are on?" he answered with great dignity, "Sir, you forget that I am an actor." Driving in and around California and making frequent transcontinental trips, he converts unbelievers into good Mickey Rooney fans, if not by the thousands, at least by the hundreds.

There was the case of Jinx Falkenburg, one of America's most beautiful girls, who grew up hating and despising Mickey. They lived on the same street and belonged to the same tennis club. Every day, when Jinx would finish playing a customary two sets, she would discover that while she was keeping the ball in action Mickey had pushed her two kid brothers into the swimming pool. Then Jinx would emit a yell and go to work on Mr. Rooney. Topping him as she did by eight inches, she had no difficulty proving that the frailty of the female is just another exploded myth. Their feud went on for years.

Each time a new Andy Hardy picture was shown in Jinx's neighborhood house, she went to see it, with murder in her heart. "Now is my

chance, I would say to myself," she recalls. "No matter how good the picture is, I'm going to hiss it, and I will see to it that all my friends hiss it, too." She was never able to fulfill her ambition. Instead of hissing him, she applauded him. When her friends would remonstrate with her, she would say meekly, "But he's such a magnificent actor."

Then there was the case of Wallace Beery. While playing opposite Rooney in *Stablemates* some years ago, Beery used to spend sleepless nights hoping and praying that God would make "that fresh kid" twelve inches taller and fifty pounds heavier, so that he, Beery, would be able to lick him. The Almighty failed to grant Beery's wish and Mickey went on torturing the big fellow. A scene stealer extraordinary, he would invariably do something that would be certain to make the audience guffaw in the midst of a dramatic scene. While Beery would emote, Mickey would wipe his nose on his sleeve in typical Wallace Beery fashion and thus wreck the scene.

Things had reached such a point that one morning it looked as if Beery would stop bothering God and would take justice into his own hands. Fortunately for all parties concerned, the director stepped in, took Rooney aside, and gave him a piece of his mind. He must have been a forceful speaker, because when he was through Rooney's lips were trembling and his face was crimson. He walked over to Beery and offered his profound apologies. "I should have killed him," says Beery, "but instead the next thing I knew I was hugging him and almost thanking him for having stolen so many scenes from me." Today Rooney's and Beery's is a beautiful friendship. Both pester the M-G-M officials constantly begging to be permitted to play in the same picture.

★ AND, finally, there was the case of Spencer Tracy, another high-strung individual who began by believing that there ought to be a law against Rooney but who wound up by becoming his closest friend and admirer. Cast together in such memorable pictures as *Captains Courageous*, *Boys Town*, and *Men of Boys Town*, Spencer and Mickey had ample opportunity for learning everything about each other.

When discussing today the painful story of his acquaintance with Rooney, Tracy merely says, "Well, I suppose I did have to bring him down a peg or two, but he's a wonderful boy. Everybody loves him. Look at Lionel Barrymore. When they first played together in *A Family Affair*, Lionel wanted to annihilate Mickey, but look at him now. He treats him as a man would his favorite son." Mickey returns Tracy's compliment. He says that there has never been or ever will be any one like "Mr." Tracy. A shrewd student of the foibles of the great, the Mighty Mite knows that nothing could please men of the caliber of Spencer Tracy, Lionel Bar-

rymore, or Lewis Stone more than the idea of a boy who does not dare to address them by their first names in spite of years of close association.

★ THAT Mickey Rooney is an American phenomenon cannot be denied by any one. That he would be impossible in any other country can likewise be taken for granted. What really distinguishes him is not his success in the Hardy family pictures—a success which was largely an accident—but that endless, roaring, terrifying vitality which is as American as the miracle of Detroit. It overshadows everything.

Women who are older than he fall in love with him, and forget his height and his pugnacious face because they cannot resist the appeal of that outburst of vitality which is Mickey Rooney. Men who are inclined at first to treat him as "a spunky little fellow" discover before long that they could no more hope to keep up with Rooney than a horse and buggy could keep up with a stratoliner.

On a recent Saturday, at the end of a twelve-hour day spent in the M-G-M studios, where he was working in his latest picture, *Babes on Broadway*, Mickey was notified that he would have to leave for San Francisco immediately. He obeyed without a murmur. On his way north he dropped in to see some people in San Jose and he inspected the air base at Sunnyvale. He slept only three hours that night, but in spite of it he showed up at the Berkeley Tennis Club bright and early next morning and played in a two-set exhibition match. Then, without resting a minute, he went downtown, made half a dozen personal appearances, was mobbed by crowds, autographed books, photographs, handkerchiefs, baseballs, and heaven knows what else, took in a show, danced the rumba and the samba in a night club, complained that the music was not hot enough for him, transferred his activities to another night club where he demonstrated the latest steps of La Conga, took the midnight train to Los Angeles, and reported at the M-G-M studios at 7 A. M.

Indefatigable, magnetic, garrulous, boastful, an excellent mixer and a still better mischief-maker, Mickey is both the greatest pride and the greatest nightmare of the M-G-M officials. They realize that it is Mickey who makes it possible for them to afford racing stables; and because they realize it they very often wake up in the middle of the night and shudder at the thought that while they slept something might have happened to reduce the money-making ability of the Mighty Mite.

Suppose he got involved in a jam and is about to be blackmailed. Suppose he resented a crack made about him by a drunk in a night club and took a swing at him. Or suppose he spoke out of turn and uttered a word that would scandalize those hundred and thirty million men, women, and

(Continued on page 47)

DAMES LOVE THE U.S.N.

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ HI, Riverside Drive, I say to the New York sky line going by. Hi, Grant's Tomb. Broadway's in there somewhere—and Broadway's good for a ship with the North Atlantic blues. But the boys on the U.S.S. Glendale won't be seeing you, Broadway—not this trip. The Admiral's got a better idea. . . .

"Ahoy, Slats! Didja hear the news?" "Shove off, trouble," he says wearily.

Slats Willis is the star gun pointer, No. 2 turret.

"Too much ice, Chesty. Too much fog," he says. "Seven weeks in the North Atlantic is too much North Atlantic." He shakes his head gloomily. "She's a swell pile of fighting steel, the cruiser Glendale, but with barnacles on her morale she might just as well be razor blades."

"Or lawn mowers," says Lew, the powderman.

"Am I fed up with navy life!" growls Beezy, the shell hoister. "I hear we're takin' on supplies 'n' goin' right out after more rattlesnakes. No liberty, no visitors, no nothin'—just like last time. Kee-ripes!" he says fervently.

"That, pal, is only a rumor," I say. They look up at me quick. I'm the Admiral's orderly. I ought to know. "Remember the ten-day leave you had last August, Slats?"

"Could I ever forget ten days in heaven!" he sighs. "It hurts me to think of it, because last August is eight months ago, and this is April of another year and ten-day leaves are now a thing of the past."

"You met a beautiful blonde, Slats—remember? Her name was Eileen and she went to the Trebble School for Girls."

"What's the news?" demands Slats. "Quit stalling."

"O. K. We're not stopping at New York at all. We're going up the Hudson, and when we drop the hook it'll be on the lawn right in front of Eileen's school," I say. "How do you like that?"

"I don't believe it," says Slats. "Why would the cruiser Glendale—"

"Because Eileen's school has just adopted the cruiser Glendale," I say. "The man with all the gold braid on his arm thinks a visit thereto will cheer us up. . . . Don't take my word for it," I say. "Have a look."

They drop through the turret hatch

**Trouble! Girls' school adopts cruiser and crew!
(But P.S.—The Admiral was in there pitching)**

BY GORDON RAMSEY

to the main deck, and do their eyeballs bulge at the sight of the skyscrapers falling astern! We are already past the usual New York anchorage and almost under the George Washington Bridge.

"Oh boy—a school full o' dames!" gloats Beezy. His eyes light up. "Mebbe they're rich. Mebbe they own cars."

"I like horses," says Lew. He's trying to remember. "Wasn't there a destroyer called the Trebble?"

"One of the old ones," says Slats.

The news spreads and—you can't blame 'em much—the boys go wild. They forget about seven weeks in the North Atlantic. They forget about the rattlesnakes. Beezy talks as if everything from now on is going to be free—free smokes and knitted sweaters and playing cards and shaving cream and parties and night clubs, all for nothing from the Trebble School.

☆ THE Trebble School for Girls is located at Tynesville-on-Hudson, and no sooner does the anchor hit the bottom at that point than the man with all the gold on his arm sends for me and complains bitterly about Jenny the bird. Jenny the bird is a canary which is supposed to warble nice for the Admiral and chase away his blues, but all last trip not a peep does he get out of her.

"Return her to the pet shop in New York, orderly," he grumps. "Exchange her for a bird that sings."

"Aye, aye, sir—"

Tough luck, Chesty, I say to myself. It's sad you have to be stuck with Jenny the bird while Slats will have Eileen and the Glendale boys will have the Trebble girls. But orders are orders, and I grab the bird cage and make the first boat ashore. In with me is the gun crew of No. 2 turret, headed for the school to warn the girls we're here, official.

"Put aside one redhead for me, Slats," I say. "Tell her to wait for Chesty." But at the railroad station

I get a break. There's no train for an hour yet, so I walk up the road with the boys. It's nice country, and pretty soon we come to a wide sweep of lawn with landscape gardening and flowers. The buildings are beautiful, with white columns and porches in front. There is also a stone chapel with ivy up the walls.

"Ye-ow!" crows Beezy. "All I said is true. Lookit the swell joint!"

"The jackpot," murmurs Lew. "Where are the girls?"

We don't see any girls, but at the gate a mackerel-eyed guard wants to know our business. Slats straightens his hat and smooths down his jumper.

"We'd like to see the young ladies."

All we get from the guard is a dead pan. "I know you are navy men and anything goes for a lark," he says finally. "But even for a lark you wouldn't want to see any of the dames in here."

"Why not? The school adopted us, didn't it?" says Slats.

"The girls in here love the navy," says Beezy.

"Not in here," says the guard, shaking his head. "If by the school you mean the Trebble School, that's up the next side road to the left." He grins at Beezy. "This is a private institution—very private," he says.

"For rich people?"

"No—for nuts."

We shove off and at the next side road turn left as directed. We pass a few houses and then come to a place with a low stone wall and a rusty gate. The buildings inside are old and look neglected.

"The owner must be dead," says Beezy.

"Maybe he's an artist," says Lew.

We keep going, but suddenly there's a cry from one of the houses and a moment later a tall girl with lots of blonde hair runs through the high grass to the gate.

"Slats!" she cries.

"Eileen!" says Slats.



Eileen is around Slat's
neck like a neckerchief.

She has deep blue eyes which are wide apart and they look at Slats as if he's the only man they ever wanted to see. She's in slacks and a sweet little jacket with a white collar, and if all the geechies at the Trebble School are like Eileen—oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!

Beezy, however, has been scowling at what he sees on the other side of the wall, and now he lets out a squawk which is as subtle as a salvo from No. 2 turret.

"Kee-ripes! Is—is *this* the Trebble School? It's crummy. It's got barnacles!"

"I'm sorry you don't like it," says Eileen frostily. "There's no money for repairs—none of the girls are rich, you know."

"They got folks, haven't they?"

"No," says Eileen.

"Y'mean—it's an orphanage?"

"It's a school for orphan girls after they grow up and leave an orphanage," says Eileen.

Beezy groans and Lew groans and Slats pushes back his hat and looks sick. Holy cats! A school for orphan girls and they adopt the U.S.S. Glendale! Wait till the boys hear about this!

"But—er—who runs the place?" says Slats.

☆ "MISS TREBBLE runs it—but Miss Trebble's in the hospital and has been for the past seven months," says Eileen. "There never was much left over for repairs, not even in good time—and now there's no money at all. . . . You might as well know the worst," she says, digging into the jumper pocket and pulling out a crumpled telegram. "The buzzards have found out we're down."

DISGRACEFUL CONDITIONS AT TREBBLE SCHOOL NO LIGHT HEAT OR WATER FOR NINETY YOUNG WOMEN AROUSES PUBLIC INDIGNATION. WILL ARRIVE FOUR THIRTY TODAY FOR PERSONAL INVESTIGATION AND IF ABOVE IS TRUE WILL DEMAND IMMEDIATE DISPERSAL OF GIRLS ELSEWHERE AND PROMPT CONDEMNATION OF SCHOOL. PILLSEY.

"We couldn't pay the bills," says Eileen bitterly. "That gives me a big laugh, that 'dispersal of girls elsewhere'—but Eileen's not laughing. "Where else is there?" she says.

In a fight at sea Slats can hit what he aims at. In fleet athletics he can step up to the plate and wham out a home run. But now he's struck speechless.

"And don't think for a moment Pillsey can't do it," continues Eileen. "He's an ex-politician with lots of pull and he wants the school for a roadhouse with roulette wheels and a bar. All he has to do is turn us in for violation of health and fire laws."

She flounces over to where a topless jalopy is parked under a tree. The engine knocks like a pile driver when she starts it up.

"I'll be back in the morning with Miss Trebble," she throws at us. "Why don't you boys look over the other girls? They're all rich widows and

have big pensions. You'd love that!"

"Don't hurry back," calls Beezy. "Wise-crackin' dame. I don't like wise-crackin' dames."

"She's all right," says Slats. "We only got what we asked for. A lot of use she'll have for the navy after the idea we gave her we're a lot of cheap chiselers! . . . If only there was something we could do," he says.

He looks at the Trebble School and there are some Trebble girls carrying water from a well, but it's not an inspiring sight because it's a far cry from the day when dames were supposed



One of the dangers of being a Hollywood double appears in this 3 A. M. flashlight shot of an unidentified star who is demanding that his stand-in go home to his irate wife in his stead.

By Jack Shuttleworth and F. E. Smith.

to look good going to a well for water. So I leave for New York.

☆ "BUT the motive, Mr. Pillsey!" the Admiral's saying. "I ask again—why would two of my men waylay you on the public highway?" Oh-oh.

It's now 10 P. M. and I'm back aboard the Glendale. Some shock. I breeze into the Admiral's cabin with the new bird, and there's a civilian with the sleeve of his coat torn at the shoulder and his name is Pillsey! He's a dignified dodo, and to look at him you'd never think he was a pirate trying to scuttle a school right out from under a crew of orphans.

"I've told you—to prevent my arrival at the Trebble School," he says.

"But *why*?"

"That's what I'm asking you," says Pillsey.

"Tell me, could you identify the men?"

"Of course!"—and it's no lie. Some civilians claim all sailors look alike, but Pillsey gives as plain a description of Beezy and Lew as I ever want to hear. Holy cats! It seems they met him on the road and offered to show him the way to the Trebble School. They walked him to a gate and turned him over to a guard, who then escorted Pillsey to a side door.

"Naturally I'm suspicious," he says. "But by the time I find out it's a bug-house instead of the Trebble School, I'm in a strait-jacket, and the more I say I'm not crazy the more they think I am."

Pillsey is a loud squawker and when he starts naming who he knows and how much influence he has with them, the Admiral turns pale. He calls the

O. D. and orders his barge brought to the gangway.

"We'll go to the Trebble School," he says. "We'll investigate—at once!"

☆ SO I hurry topsides and drop into the liberty boat. There's a lot going on you don't know about, Chesty, I say to myself, but you do know Beezy and Lew are in deep trouble, and no doubt Slats is the man behind the wheel, as usual. You've got to get to the Trebble School. You've got to warn your pals.

On the road I'm only a couple of

yards ahead of Pillsey and the Admiral.

There's no moon and the fireflies are bright, but I don't have the time to watch fireflies. At the side road I turn. I reach the gate—and stop. The Trebble School's deserted and dark. It's like a graveyard. I get goose pimples just looking at the old buildings so still and quiet in the shadows.

Duck, Chesty—here come Pillsey and the Admiral.

"There you are, Mr. Pillsey," says the Admiral. "All tucked in for the night."

"Good thing, too," snaps Pillsey. "Navy has no right interfering in private affairs!"

"I quite agree with you."

"I'm still suspicious," says Pillsey. "I'll return in the morning."

"Good idea."

They turn around and I watch them go. You're off the gold standard, Chesty, I say to myself. You've lost respect for the Admiral. He's weak. The boys are low, but they'll sink even lower when they see their own Admiral knuckling under to a rat like Pillsey. Then a firefly down the road catches my eye, and—holy cats!—it's flashing Morse code and the message says, "O. K.—light up."

Some firefly!

And in another minute the Trebble School jumps out of the darkness and stays out, because there are bright flood lamps all over the place, and what with stagings and ropes and ladders, it looks like a navy yard the night before they launch a ship. Gobs in dungarees are popping out from everywhere.

"Hey, Chesty—"

It's Lew, in a bosun's chair, swinging

from the top of the flagpole. He's smoothing it down with sandpaper, and Beezy's waiting at the bottom with a can of paint and a brush.

"Some blackout, eh, Chesty? Didja plank down your thirty bucks?"

"Thirty bucks? What for?"

"Well, you can't fix up a girls' school for nothing," says Lew. "We paid all the back bills."

"Who adopted who? That's what I'd like to know," bellyaches Beezy. "Did the school adopt us or did we adopt the school?"

Slats is under a flood with a table, and on it he's got a chart of the Trebble School, with marks to show where repairs have to be made. He flashes me a broad grin.

"Blitz," he says. "The only bottleneck is time—and that guy Pillsey. Meet Cuddles," he says.

"How d'you do?" says Cuddles.

She's a fluffy redhead, the kind I like, with freckles and a saucy nose, and she's in charge of the Trebble girls. They're working, too. They're helping with the easy stuff and also bringing around hot joe and sandwiches every hour. Boy, oh boy! They're great fun and not at all dopey because they're losing sleep.

"Check on the boiler room, Chesty, will you?" says Slats, worried. "See how the steam's coming along."

Cuddles and I go to the boiler room and the steam's not coming along at all. Time and Pillsey are not the only bottlenecks. The engine snipes wrestling with the heating plant have water and they have coal, but there are leaks—I mean there are leaks everywhere! On the other hand, the plumbing is stopped up and the boys are sweating the colored ink right out of their tattoos trying to plug here and unplug there, as called for. Some job! And at the first crack of another day the Trebble School for Girls is in small pieces all over the place and I'm only hoping we can put it together again.

"Okay-doke, Slats," says Lew. "Now it's daylight and you want us to wait for Pillsey along the road and when he shows up sink a torpedo between his ribs—is that right?"

"Immobilize him," says Slats.

"With pleasure," says Beezy.

They start out, but only get as far as the gate when a black taxi rolls through. It's only Eileen and Miss Trebble, Chesty, I say to myself, I hope. Cuddles has just had a phone call and they're at the gas station in Tynesville with a broken piston rod. But then I see Pillsey's red face and the Admiral's gold braid—and, honest, I go weak.

They get out at the flagpole.

Pillsey's hopping mad and right away begins insisting all navy men be chased off the premises. The Admiral turns his head slowly, taking in the Trebble School inch by inch like he takes in the Glendale on Admiral's inspection.

"Well—I said order your men off!"

The Admiral squares his shoulders.

"I'm not obliged to obey your orders," he says. "These men are on

their own time. I won't interfere. In fact," he goes on, "it all looks like good navy tradition to me—lending a helping hand where and when it's needed."

"Never heard of such a thing!"

"Read American history," says the Admiral.

"But this school's not fit to live in!"

"It will be—when the Glendale's men are through with it."

That tingle in your spine is pride, Chesty, and the sudden sparkle in everybody's eyes—that's pride, too. The Admiral's in there pitching—on our side. Shove out the body, Chesty. Give Pillsey the bum's rush.

But suddenly the old buzzard spots



BY REAMER KELLER

"Before I go any further, are you going to let your husband smoke in the parlor?"

something bright under a lilac bush. He makes a dive for it and comes up with a paint can—an empty paint can. So what? We've emptied a lot of cans. But Pillsey reads the label, and then his face lights up and he steps back to take a look at the flagpole. There's a new flag up there and above the flag is a ball and it shines in the sun like gold.

"Is this good navy tradition, too, Admiral?" he says sarcastically. "Using government supplies to fix up private property?"

He holds out the can and—holy cats!—it's got a stencil across the front in black letters which says "Gilt—U. S. Navy Stores"! And before any one can stop him Pillsey hauls down the new flag and there's a stencil on that too—"U.S.S. Glendale"!

"The Navy Department will relish this, Admiral," says Pillsey, "to say nothing of the newspapers."

Some blow.

The Admiral looks at the can and he looks at the flag and then the muscles of his face go hard. He snaps out a command, and in another minute everybody's lined up double in front of the flagpole. Beezy and Lew are in the rear rank with their hats down over their eyes; but Slats comes

front and center and gives the Admiral a big salute.

"I'm responsible, sir," he says. "You see, there's a brass plate . . ."

That's as far as he gets. The Trebble girls let out a glad cry and a gas-station service car comes through the gate with Eileen on the running board and a nice old lady in front with the driver. "Oh, Miss Trebble!" cries Cuddles—and she leads the pack and they surround the service car and are laughing and crying and waving their arms and all talking at once. . . .

★ "HOIST that flag, Pillsey," says

Miss Trebble. She's out of the service car and standing near the Admiral, leaning on her cane. Eileen is near Slats, and her face is shining. "Hoist that flag—at once."

"You don't understand, Miss Trebble—"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but I do. If it's a navy flag, it belongs there. And if they've painted the pole with a can of navy paint, they have the right to—it's their pole."

"So it's the navy's pole," sneers Pillsey. "Isn't that nice!"

"We like it," says Miss Trebble. "The navy put it here to honor the memory of my father when he was brought back from Santiago de Cuba and buried in this small plot of ground. Captain R. S. Trebble," she says proudly.

"That's on the brass plate, sir," says Slats. "Everything else we bought at a hardware store in the village with our own money"—and he holds out a stack of invoices to prove it.

Pillsey reads the brass plate. He reads the inscription on the headstone and then the paint can falls out of his hand. The flag would have fallen, too, only Slats pulls at the halyards and up it goes again to the top of the pole. Miss Trebble leans on the Admiral's arm, swings her cane, and cracks Pillsey over the shins.

"Now disperse yourself elsewhere," she says. And Pillsey is in the cab and on his way out at once. Near the gate he passes a messenger from the Glendale coming in.

"Excuse me, sir." The messenger's out of breath. "Compliments of the O. D., sir—"

"Yes?"

"The new bird—it sings, sir!"

"Oh, does it?"

That's a nice sparkle in the Admiral's eyes. He looks around at the Trebble School. The steam's on—there's clanking and pounding of pipes everywhere. The boys are up the stagings again, slapping on the last coat of paint. Slats is near the table with Eileen—I mean Eileen is around his neck like a neckerchief and her mouth is against his and it's a long kiss. The boys see it and up goes a wild hooting and a chorus of whistles, catcalls, yoo-hoos, and berries.

The man with all the gold on his arm grins like a training-station boot.

"Return my compliments to the O. D.," he says to the messenger.

"Tell him the men are singing, too."

THE END

STALIN:

DEVIL OR GENIUS?

BY EMIL LUDWIG

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Mr. Ludwig last week described Stalin as he had found him—slow, cautious, taciturn, locked-in, gloomy, lonely—in the Kremlin, and noted that the man's seeming heaviness betokens inner self-certainty and patience.

Stalin was born in the Georgian mountains. His father, a cobbler, was the equivalent of a serf. When the boy was 14, his deeply religious mother enrolled him in a seminary to study for the priesthood. He has told Mr. Ludwig that the nature of the discipline infuriated him, made him a Socialist. At 18 he was expelled. In general, Mr. Ludwig infers that Russian oppression of this essentially Asiatic youth was largely responsible for his later ambition to rule Russia.

Between 1903 and 1913 he was six times captured by the Czarist secret police and sent to prison camps in Siberia. Invariably, upon escaping, he would return to the hidden task of unifying the workers for revolution.

PART TWO—"A PUPIL OF LENIN'S, AND NOTHING ELSE"

★ THE basic idea of this revolutionary system was derived from Marx, but it was first adapted for Russia by Lenin: There can be no liberation of the peasants without the leadership of the workers! It was among the city masses, the factory workers, who owned nothing, that the revolution was to be prepared. Whenever the Russian peasantry revolted in the nineteenth century, the revolution collapsed because it lacked the leadership of a city proletariat; and when in 1905 the workers rose, they did not have the peasants with them.

It was only with Stalin, Gorky, Kalinin, and their comrades that a born proletariat entered the leadership; but they had much to learn in order to fill the gaps in their education.

Stalin learned something during the period of his activity in St. Petersburg. The social order was so undermined there that this perpetual fugitive from the police was kept in hiding by a quartermaster of the mounted Imperial Guards. There were periods lasting weeks during which he slept every night in a different house, though by no means always in a bed. Lenin, who from his exile abroad not



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

As the military leader of the Reds, Leon Trotsky—Stalin's rival, and the Jew to whom Hitler avowedly owes much—gave his fiery pep talks to peasants and workers.

only laid down the theory for the party congresses but directed internal activities down to the minutest details, sent his newspaper, *Iskra*—the Spark—into Russia, concealed in the covers of cigarette boxes, in the lining of hats, or in capsules dropped into barrels of wine; it was printed in tiny letters on the thinnest paper.

Stalin met Lenin at two congresses. He speaks proudly of a letter which Lenin wrote to a third comrade praising the work of Stalin, and which this comrade forwarded to Stalin in Siberia. There are some who say that this is pure invention. In any event, Stalin played no role at those congresses, held outside of Russia, in which the young party broke up into

Mensheviks and Bolsheviks; as a delegate he made no speeches, and was little noticed by Lenin at the beginning.

He, however, obtained an unforgettable impression of Lenin. "I am nothing but a pupil of Lenin, and I don't wish to be known as anything else," said Stalin to me, twenty years later, and he has expressed himself similarly in his speeches. For a long time Stalin was characterized by his complete self-eclipse behind Lenin. Today Stalin's propaganda puts the two men side by side, and this must obviously be done with Stalin's consent. How the twenty-six-year-old Stalin first met the thirty-six-year-old Lenin at a congress in Finland was subse-



SOVFOTO PHOTOS

"I am nothing but a pupil of Lenin," says Stalin—shown here at Lenin's side in 1922.



Stalin in 1920—for the time being, a military leader—as he looked to a Russian artist.

quently related by Stalin himself:

"I waited for the eagle of our party, and I expected a big man, one who would tower even physically above the others; yes, I thought of him as a giant. To my astonishment, I saw a man of less than medium height who was in no way to be distinguished from the others. A great man likes to come late to meetings, so that the impatience of the audience is increased, and so that on his entry he may hear on every side: 'Ssh! Quiet! Here he is!' But I found Lenin there long before the others. He sat in a corner conversing with a wholly unimportant delegate. This simplicity and modesty, which struck me at once, this desire not to attract attention or to demonstrate superiority, was an outstanding trait in the new chief, and was suited to the simple human masses which were beginning to educate themselves."

While Stalin's retiring and thoroughly prosaic nature felt itself attracted by Lenin's simplicity, it was alienated and even repelled at the same meetings by the brilliant presence of Trotsky, whose nature had everything that Stalin's lacked. As a matter of fact there is a similarity between the speeches of Lenin and of Stalin in a certain factual dryness common to both. In physiognomy they were definitely nearer to each other than to Trotsky, with his exciting and winning personality. But Lenin possessed enough devotion to draw closer to himself this enormously gifted co-worker, who did not fit in with his own nature; while even as far back as this period Stalin must have felt discontented with himself, must have felt inferior in the presence of Trotsky.

REVOLUTIONS NEED LIBERATED MARTYRS

The success of the Russian Revolution and the failure of the German Revolution may be partially explained by the fact that in Russia there was, for twenty years, a constant interplay between the exiled leaders and the leaders on the spot, while the German government exiled nobody and imprisoned very few. The humane methods of the German Empire, which spared its opponents, at least after 1890, resulted in the fact that when the rule of the Kaiser collapsed, in 1918, there were no liberated martyrs to spread flames of revolution.

This was one of the reasons for the weakness and short-livedness of the Weimar Republic, which let itself be pushed over by Hitler. As against this, the cruelty of the Czaristic regime in Russia was a preparation for the Revolution, both internally and abroad.

Stalin, as a soldier in the army of Lenin, who between 1900 and 1919 transmitted his commands from abroad, acquired importance very slowly during those years; and right up to the Revolution he never once appeared in the foreground. When I asked whether, in his opinion, a revolutionary could prepare himself better at home or abroad, Stalin did not give

me a yes-or-no answer, but delivered himself as follows:

"I consider Lenin an exception. Very few of those who were then living and working in Russia were as intimately acquainted with everything that happened as Lenin managed to be from abroad. I visited him in 1907, 1908, and 1912, and I saw the stacks of letters he received every day from Russia. And yet he himself considered it a great disadvantage that he was never in Russia. The others, those who remained here, rendered great service: for every man that we had abroad there were two hundred working at home. Today we have in our Central Committee, which consists of seventy members, only three or four men who have ever been outside the borders of Russia. But against this, we have here comrades who have lived twenty years in Berlin, and can't give me a precise answer to a question on German conditions."

JESSE JAMES A LA RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Stalin's life in Russia was far grimmer and more dangerous than Lenin's abroad. That was the time, 1905, when the first Russian Revolution collapsed, leaving nothing to show for it but a façade parliament, a slight increase in wages, and a slight improvement in the lot of the workers. At the same time there was an intensification in the persecution of the first Socialists and Bolsheviks. It was in this period of so-called liberalization, between 1905 and 1909, that the number of political convictions rose from 85,000 to 200,000 in a year.

There existed in Russia so-called "Black Hundreds" and "White Fanatics," who wore black masks. The government used violence and illegal measures, exactly like the dictators of our time. It was perfectly natural for the radical groups to retort in kind.

Among the methods of violence invoked by the radicals, there was the obtaining of money for party purposes through robbery. The most famous of these armed robberies was carried out by Stalin himself. On June 26, 1907, there was an outburst of pistol shots and bomb explosions on the main boulevard of Tiflis; men and horses lay dead on the asphalt, and \$175,000 of State money had disappeared from the car. The process was called "expropriation," or "ex" for short, and had already been carried successfully on previous occasions.

Stalin, who was a higher party official, played the same role as a general in a battle: he planned and prepared the attack and had it carried out by eight comrades, two of them women. The leader was the romantic robber Kamo, who had only recently lost an eye in a similar but unsuccessful attempt.

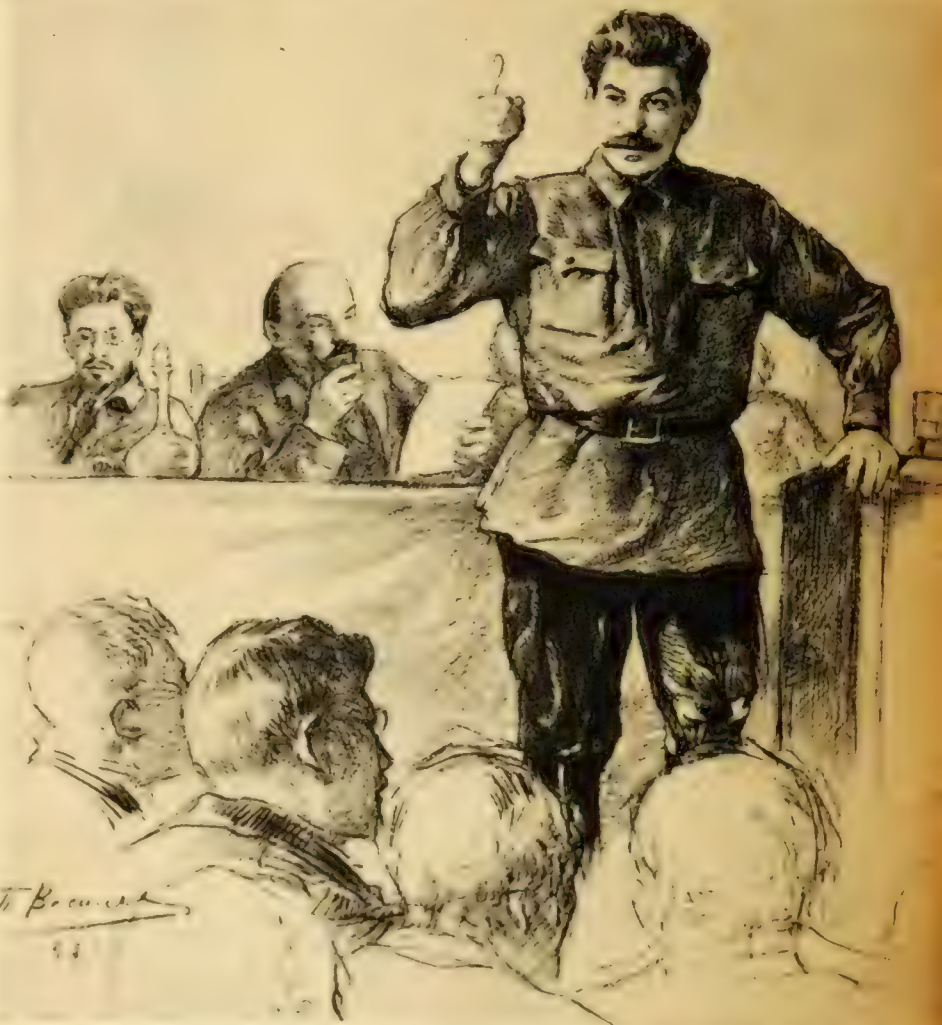
The attackers left no clue. The wrong people were arrested, and the perpetrators of the attack remained unknown till eleven or twelve years later, when Lenin had the case investigated on the request of a political group.

We tell this story in order to indicate in what company, and in the midst of what adventures, Stalin passed his youth. Men of this cast have a very different view of human life, having risked their own so often. They can be understood only in terms of their own world, even if we call them criminals.

Since this story has been suppressed in Stalin's official biography, though it is definitely established that he had the directing hand in the robbery, I asked him about it, expecting that he would deny it in so many words, but

brought me a pamphlet of about thirty pages, his biography—in Russian; but there was nothing in it, of course, about my question. "You will find all the necessary information in here," he said, and laughed slyly to himself because he had "put one over" on me. The question of the bank robberies was the only one he would not answer—except to the extent that he answered it by passing it over.

This malicious manner of evasion gave me a new insight into his character. He could have denied it; he could have confessed to it; or he could



"Lenin's pupil" addressing an April All-Russian Conference of the Bolshevik Party. Behind him sits Lenin himself, and at Lenin's elbow is Leon Trotsky. The artist Vasiliev made the sketch.

that I would be able to get at the truth from the expression on his face.

"In Europe," I said to him, "you are described either as the Bloody Czar or as the Bandit of Georgia. There are stories about bank robberies and the like which you are said to have organized in your youth for the benefit of the party. I would very much like to know how much of this we can believe."

Stalin began to laugh in that heavy way of his, blinked several times, and stood up for the first and only time in our three-hour interview. He walked over with his somewhat dragging footsteps to the writing desk and

simply have described the whole thing as a legend. But he acted, instead, like a perfect Asiatic, and even in his smile he looked like a Mongolian.

In June, 1913, a year before the outbreak of the World War, Stalin was exiled to Siberia for the sixth time, but now to a frightful region from which a prisoner rarely returned alive. Kuleika lies twenty miles south of the Arctic Circle, a desolate place which consists of three houses and is free from snow only three months in the year. It is the frozen steppe, where a man must live like a northern Robinson Crusoe. There Stalin passed most of the day hunting and fishing,

in order to obtain food and to keep himself in motion. Then he chopped wood, to warm himself and the food. He made his own nets and hooks, also the hatchet with which to chop holes in the ice. He was kept alive by his books, and by what he wrote for himself on the problems of the time.

It was while he lived in Kuleika, in the company of a dull-witted guard, that there finally came the war on whose outbreak Lenin, like Marx, had reckoned, and for which he had long waited. But the World War did not bring liberty to Stalin. That was done by the Revolution.

And thus, to understand the character and acts of this man, we must also bear in mind that in his middle thirties, in the full tide of his energies, he lived about four years in utter isolation, without newspapers, without radio, without letters, cut off from friends, from family, and from the events of the world; the last three years passed in constant tension over the outcome of the war.

We should now have a better picture of the physical and mental make-up of the man who in March, 1917, suddenly received a call and a letter which freed him and flung him out of this place of utter silence into the seething whirlpool of the Revolution.

THE LONGEST-LIVED GOVERNMENT TODAY

as that of the Russian Communists. For more than twenty-four years, without a single break, they have been the sole governing power in Russia; and they have not only consolidated their power—they have extended it. Mussolini, with his nineteen years of governmental power, is next to them. In the democracies, like England and America, the parties have alternated; ten years has been the maximum duration of a lease of power; in the half-dictatorships even less.

The great experiment of a pure Socialistic state in Russia has been only a partial success; but the party which took over the reins in October, 1917, has remained in power. Why have these men succeeded where others have failed? Why are they at the helm after twenty-four years, whereas Hitler, who has ruled for nine years at this date, will not reach half their record?

The extraordinarily easy success of the Russian Revolution was due primarily to the backwardness of the country. The highest classes were either degenerate or corrupt and offered no resistance. The middle class, exhausted after a lost war, was intimidated and cowardly. It was the worker who carried out the revolution which the various working-class parties had been preparing for twenty years. The peasants, who at that time constituted 85 per cent of the population, were won over when they saw before them the realization of their immemorial dream—the removal of their overlords, the landowners, and the leasing of the land to the peasants

by the State. The soldiers, among whom there were no less than 2,000,000 deserters, voted for the party which promised peace.

Thus it was that the two revolutions, that of February, 1917, and that of October, 1917, were effected practically without bloodshed. It was only later that the tremendous sacrifice of life took place, and that would have been considerably less but for the intervention of the western states.

In Russia an amazing thing also happened: Lenin was able to pass on

QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea, our question tester, missed only No. 20. He says of this: "We could use this today to advantage."

1—The 150th anniversary of the death of what composer, who wrote *The Marriage of Figaro*, was recently celebrated?

2—The name of which great American metropolis means "River of Wild Onions"?

3—Which service group in the U. S. wears a "monkey suit"?

4—Who said "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand"?

5—When carried in a parade with other flags, where should the American flag be placed?

6—Where is the largest Gothic cathedral in the world?

7—Why is it thought bad luck for a black cat to cross your path?

8—Who were the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?

9—Which U. S. possession was "annexed by request"?

10—Is it correct to credit Johannes Gutenberg with the invention of printing?

11—The Civil War battles of Manassas are better known by what names?

12—How many members are there in the House of Representatives? Is the number fixed by law?

13—In a card game, what is a "blind"?

14—John-a-Nokes and John-a-Stiles were old-time versions of what names heard most often in courtrooms?

15—Paramaribo is the capital of what country?

16—Life isn't all beer and skittles, they say. What are skittles?

17—A palindrome is what?

18—How do we perpetuate the name of Lord De La Warr, colonial Governor of Virginia?

19—With what does numismatics deal?

20—A "sparking lamp" was used for what? (Answers will be found on page 57)

his power to an heir, and this heir was not a son but the party of Lenin. To be sure, this party has often ruled by means of terror, and more so under Stalin than under Lenin. But at the same time it presents to the world the spectacle of a new Russia which has not only kept pace in the general upward tendency of our age but has converted the most primitive and backward country in Europe into the technically most advanced, second perhaps only to Germany.

It is in this heirship of power that we shall find the secret reasons for the duration of a regime which has overcome all difficulties. It overcame them precisely because other men continued that which the founders of the state began. For there is a symbolism in the fact that Lenin died six

years after the Revolution, and Trotsky was exiled a few years later, and that these two were in on only the beginning of the reconstruction. The man who did not carry out the Revolution, Stalin, carried out the reconstruction.

There is not the slightest doubt that Lenin, the first revolutionary, was also the most important one. Even his rivals recognized him as leader and master. Stalin was nevertheless the man who closed the revolutionary epoch and directed the rebuilding of the country. He was not among the great planners of the Revolution; all that can be said of him is that he went along with it, in a capacity of no particular importance. Communism would have come to power exactly as it did without Stalin; but without him its subsequent course would probably have been different.

The men who arrived in Petersburg in February, 1917, with the avowed purpose of swinging the bourgeois revolution leftward and transforming it into a proletarian revolution, represented a variety of records, of temperaments, and of ideologies.

HITLER LEARNED MUCH FROM TROTSKY

A handful of Liberal deputies, mostly princes or professors, had taken over the government of Russia after the collapse occasioned by the military defeat. At the head of the group stood Kerensky, first intellectual leader, later also Prime Minister. But the young republic which these men founded attracted no support; it gave neither land to the peasants nor peace to the soldiers. It was utterly determined to beat Germany first at any cost. Like most liberals, these men wanted to prove their patriotism, and this was the mistake which ruined them. For who wanted the war continued, after it had already lasted thirty months? The hundred and twenty millions of Russia wanted bread and peace, and were profoundly disappointed in the Liberal government.

The one historic act performed by the Liberal government was the liberation of political prisoners and the permission given to political exiles to return. It is part of the "nice" tradition of a Liberal government that it sets its opponents free. When Kerensky later imprisoned some of the leaders, it was too late. Hitler did the opposite, and was therefore more successful. It may be observed generally that Hitler profited immensely from the Communist example, and particularly from Stalin's experiences. When Hitler once asked some of his friends what they thought of Trotsky's memoirs, and all of them expressed the profoundest contempt for this book, written by a Jew, he replied: "For my part, I've learned a great deal from that book."

Earlier he learned from the weak methods of the Russian liberals what he ought not to do. Kerensky's defeat was due in the first line to this (Continued on page 46)

CHAMPION JOE'S NEXT CHALLENGER

Will the war develop a real contender
and bring back the million dollar gate?

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BY JACK DEMPSEY

BOXING EDITOR OF LIBERTY

★ WHEN Joe Louis put the old whammy on Lou Nova, the last contender for his heavyweight title, the question naturally presented itself: Where does he go from here? It was answered, so far as Joe's immediate future is concerned, by Uncle Sam, who takes over the Louis job where Uncle Mike leaves off. A temporary retirement should prove a boon not only to Joe Louis but also to the fight game, for it will provide the champion with a much needed rest, revive interest in the heavyweight division, and give the game a chance to produce what my announcer friend Harry Balogh calls a worthy opponent.

Some apprehension was expressed in certain quarters (not among rival fight managers, however) that Louis would lose his devastating qualities if he laid off for any length of time. Well, just as many were yapping before the Nova debacle that Joe was fighting too much and was going stale; that he was "growing tired of it all."

In my opinion, some army training won't hurt Joe's fighting ability a bit. If anything, it will serve to keep him fit. Certainly it will help him to keep from becoming unfit through luxurious sedentary living.

Louis' go-as-you-please slaughter of Nova in six rounds at the Polo Grounds in New York last September 29 provided the clincher to the argument that a *real* new contender should be developed—and *seasoned*—before Joe again enters the ring to defend the title. Nova proved to be just one more overballyhooed lamb led to the slaughter. Some of the other lambs were Harry Thomas, Jack Roper, Johnny Paycheck, Tony Musto, and a few more of that ilk.

It is only logical that the army should use Louis in exhibition bouts in the training camps. He will be much more valuable to the army doing that than anything else, and these exhibition bouts can keep a champion in fighting trim so far as keenness of eye and judgment of distance are concerned.

Even as I write this, Joe is matched to fight Buddy Baer in Madison Square Garden on January 9, and his entire share of the purse, minus actual training expenses, will be donated to the Navy Relief Society. Mike Jacobs, the promoter, will also turn over his entire share of the proceeds to it. As the top price of seats is thirty dollars, this may mean well over \$100,000 for the N. R. S. In this fight Louis will be laying his title on the line for the twentieth time, and I think he'll defend it successfully.

Louis himself said he expected to be able to line up a fight for next summer if he could get a furlough; but the only fight that would have any interest then would be a return bout with Billy Conn. Even this would be a much better drawing card in the fall than it would be in the summer-time.

Meanwhile there will be a general scramble among the lesser heavyweights for a place in the sun. Right after the Louis-Nova fight, the first of the heavyweight elimination tournaments got under way, promoted in Detroit by Frank Barboro, a newcomer in the fight game. This tournament, and the effect it might have on the heavyweight situation of the coming year, I will discuss in a future issue of Liberty.

The main trouble in recent years has been that young fighters haven't been given a chance to mature. As soon as they gained a bit of prominence they were sent in against Louis.

The results disgusted the fight public and shook the fans' confidence in the game. Therefore a temporary retirement of Louis would provide the "shot in the arm" that the championship needs in order to bring back the million-dollar gate.

It was not until Tony Galento, Billy Conn, and Lou Nova were ballyhooed so highly that Louis drew any sizable purses in the defense of his championship. In the meantime he had been fighting for puny purses. He defended his title nineteen times and in all those battles didn't gross three million dollars. In most cases the greed of the promoters and managers of fighters was responsible for the small purses.

In my time a challenger had to "go out and get a reputation" before he earned a crack at the title. The champion wouldn't fight him unless he had proved he merited a fight, or unless there was a genuine public clamor for the match—or both. In that way a healthy and honest gate was drawn and the public got a run for its money. Also a championship was fought for about once a year, giving the fight-going public a chance to save up its money to see the fight. It was Tex Rickard who told me there should be only one heavyweight championship fight a year. "That's the only way to get the million-dollar gates, Jack," he said, and results seem to prove he was right.

Joe Louis won the title at an earlier age than any other heavyweight champion, and he has defended it oftener than any of his predecessors. He is twenty-seven now, and in my opinion he is good for at least two more years of keen competition. The average heavyweight champion loses his title in his thirty-first year. At this time I don't see any reason why Joe shouldn't do as well as that. The only time he has ever been subjected to a real shellacking was when he was knocked out by Max Schmeling, and that happened while Joe was still young enough to take such a beating without serious effect. It is true he



was knocked down in several fights, but only in that one was his opponent able to administer any injurious punishment.

Louis is also fortunate in having cleared up all opposition at the age at which the average heavyweight first comes into the title. No one knows better than I do that mere exhibition bouts are altogether different from real ring battles. His case, I believe, is similar to my own after I

had beaten Carpentier on July 2, 1921. Excepting a few exhibitions in 1922, I was out of active competition for exactly two years, and then there loomed on the fistic horizon that powerful young giant from Argentina, Luis Angel Firpo—"the Wild Bull of the Pampas."

I returned to the ring to defend the title against Tommy Gibbons in Shelby, Montana, on July 4, 1923. This fight went fifteen rounds, and it was

the one thing I needed to keep me in shape for my memorable battle with Firpo on September 14 of the same year. If I hadn't had the fight with Gibbons I don't believe I would have been able to weather the storm against Firpo.

In my opinion Louis must wait for new fields to conquer, for a new and formidable contender, another Firpo, to rise up and challenge him. Right now it looks to me as if the champion would retain enough of his strength and skill, his devastating punch, to defend his title successfully when such a challenge comes. Louis himself is confident that he will. Joe told me he was sure he hadn't slipped to any appreciable extent.

"I know the boys who write boxing all thought I had gone back before I met Lou Nova," he said, "and I don't want to argue with them, because I suppose they see things that I don't know about myself. But, honestly, I feel as strong and as good as I ever did and I don't think I will have any trouble holding my own with any of the boys in the heavyweight division today. I reckon because I don't go out right at the start and knock the other fellow's block off, like I did in the second Schmeling fight, it isn't as exciting. But that's not my way of winning a fight. Any strong young fellow is just as liable to land a wild swing as the next one.

"I thought for a while I might retire from fighting after the bout with Nova. But now it doesn't make sense to do that. I talked it over with my managers, and they didn't think it was a good idea for me to give up yet, and so I intend to keep the title as long as I can. They never steered me wrong yet, and I think I ought to follow their advice. There's no business I know as well as the fight business, and as long as the public is willing to pay to see me fight I think I ought to keep on going. Some day, of course, I'll give up the fight game and settle down on my ranch. I like horses and I like fooling around with them. But somehow I don't think I'd be happy to quit the fight game entirely, especially not when I believe there are a few good fights left in me.

"You know, lots of the fellows I fought were better than the general public believed. That young Billy Conn was a cutie. There's nothing about the game he doesn't know, and don't let any one tell you he can't hit a pretty good punch. If he was bigger, he'd be a pretty tough customer for any one to handle. I don't know whether he'll grow much bigger, but he is a young fellow and he can do an awful lot of improving in another year. All I hope is that there will be a lot of good heavyweights developed, and that one will come along whom the fight public will demand to see me fight, and when the time comes, old Joe will be willin'."

From the present outlook it seems to me the only threat that the future holds for Louis is Billy Conn, the Pittsburgh Adonis.

THE END



Willow Run, Michigan: An air view of progress in the Ford Motor Company's construction of a vast bomber plant.



Above: The Packard plant in Detroit, with new defense factories shown in white.
Below: Huge tanks coming off assembly lines in Detroit's Chrysler tank arsenal.



THE BATTLE

News!—A first-hand report to America and the world on the greatest campaign of the war.

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ THE Battle of the Pacific has been added to the Battle of the Atlantic. Battles are so big these days that we do not call them after harbors or capes or fields or towns, as we did in the legendary days of Trafalgar and Hampton Roads, Gettysburg and Waterloo. We call them after oceans or countries.

The Battle of France. That shook the world. The Battle of Britain. That seemed like the end of that shaken world. The Battle of Russia. Who knows how that may turn out?

But when history is written—and it *will* be written in spite of Nazi edicts against free speech, free writing, and free brains—none of these conflicts will be hailed "the greatest battle of the greatest war."

The greatest battle, because it must inevitably be the decisive battle, is the Battle of Detroit.

Detroit, as no American needs to be told, is a generic term for Flint and Lansing, Dearborn and Ypsilanti, In-



Construction and production go forward together in this five-acre General Motors machine-gun plant at Saginaw.

OF DETROIT

BY

FREDERICK L. COLLINS



Above: Swarms of "blitz buggies" on the production line at the Ford Rouge plant. Below: Testing .50 caliber machine guns in the AC Spark Plug Division in Flint.

dianapolis and South Bend, Dayton and Toledo, Bridgeport and Hartford, San Diego and Inglewood—wherever America is arming.

And why is it the greatest battle? That's easy. What did Gort say before Dunkirk, Gort, the heroic commander of the ill-fated B. E. F.?

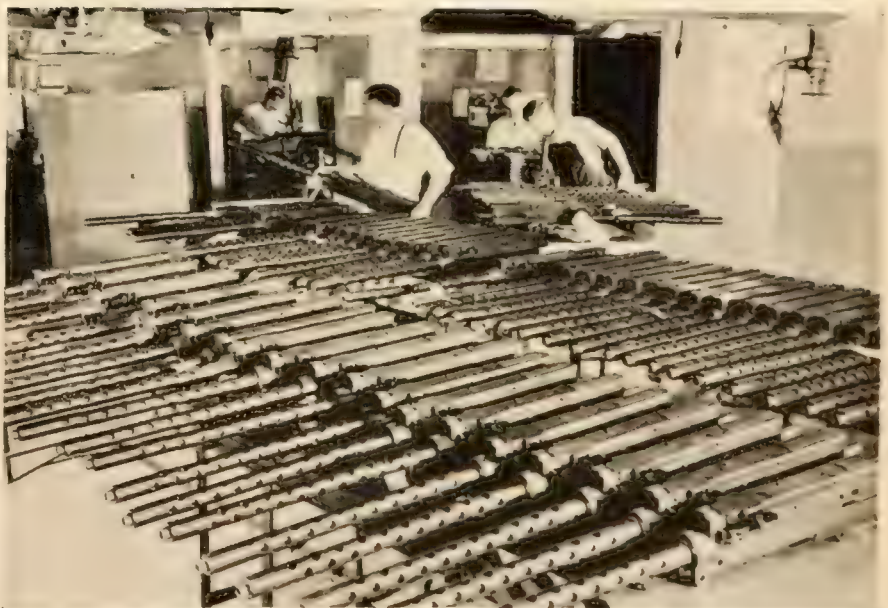
"Don't send me men. Send me equipment!"

What did poor little bewildered Paul Reynaud say when he appealed to the President in France's extremity?

"Send us clouds of planes."

Of course Britain didn't have the equipment to send Gort, America didn't have the clouds of planes to send Reynaud—so there was Dunkirk and there was France. But that does not alter the fact that man power on the field of battle is the least of our worries in the fight against Hitler.

In World War I, it took an average of two and a half to three men behind the lines to keep one combat soldier supplied. In World War II, the ratio is something like seventeen or eighteen to one.



This is the war of the invisible man. Thousands of Frenchmen defending the Maginot Line never saw a German soldier. All they saw were bomber planes and tanks. Men used to carry weapons; now weapons carry men.

In short, this war must be won, as we still so quaintly say, "at the lathe."

But if all this is true—and it is true—and if those in authority realize it—and they do—why has it taken so long to get that lathe to turning?

Why aren't we getting results?

Why aren't we producing clouds of planes, fleets of tanks?

Or are we?

I don't know any question more important to you, Mr. and Mrs. Reader.

You are buying guns, shells, tanks, bombers—forty to sixty billion dollars' worth of them. You'll probably buy a hundred billion dollars' worth before long. You are entitled to know whether the defense drive is really a drive or just a putt.

To change the figure and to put the case more specifically, you are entitled to know why the defense program has been, so far, a trickle instead of a flood, and when, if ever, it is going to be a flood.

★ ANSWERING the first part of that question first, there are many explanations, of which you have heard plenty and then some. True, too, so far as they go:

Headline-hunting senatorial Neros fiddling with syntax while freedom burned.

Brass-hat brass-hattedness—which is another phrase for mental inflexibility—taking six months to make up its mind about a problem which the average American executive would have decided before lunch.

Labor troubles. A twenty-eight-day soft-coal strike, translated into terms of lost steel production, cost the United States fourteen first-class battleships. No naval engagement in history has inflicted such devastation on a patriotic people.

Sure, all that stuff is true. At times it has been important. Perhaps it is nothing more than we should expect from a non-war-minded nation forced suddenly to get war-minded. But we are fed up with these explanations. They are, we say, Washington stuff—all wrapped up in SPABS, OEMS, OMPS, OPAS, and what have you—Washington, where not much can be done, and where, apparently, so disappointingly little is being done.

We have heard too much from Washington. We have heard too little from Detroit.

And that is why I pulled on my old World War I pants—without all those silly leather gaiters, of course—and went out as a roving war correspondent to cover the American front. And I have covered it. Not all of it, of course, for it is as long as the nation is wide, but plenty.

I have seen America arming.

I have seen great automobile factories turning out 75-millimeter and 105-millimeter shells by mass produc-

tion at a rate never dreamed of by Mars or Vulcan, Hitler or Göring; great spark-plug factories, twelve months ahead of schedule, turning out machine guns that fire faster and farther than any such gun before known.

I have seen 12,000 men—who were a few months ago unemployed preachers, barbers, farm hands, and haberdashers—working in a giant factory—which only a few months ago was a wind-swept cornfield—making 1,000 airplane engines a month for an exclusively American model which weighs less and generates more horsepower per pound than any airplane engine Hitler even dreamed about.

I have seen twenty-eight-ton tanks rolling off assembly lines the way tin Lizzies used to roll—only they are not tin, but tougher steel than Nazi Germany knows how to make; and the first Nazi German that runs up against them will find out they are not Lizzies—that is, he will find out if he can catch up with them, because these American tanks travel three times as fast as Hitler's fastest tank.

I have seen the largest bomber factory in the world rising on a thousand acres—which a few months ago was an age-old forest—into which thousands of small pieces of steel and aluminum and magnesium are now pouring, and out of which, at the far end of the world's longest assembly line, will shortly pour complete air fortresses, giant tanks of the air, which will streak down a mile-long runway and hop off for Europe.

I have seen—but what's the use? You can't put a nation's greatest effort, a world's biggest business, into a paragraph. And, besides, I can hear you saying:

"If all this is possible now, why wasn't it possible six months ago?"

★ IT was.

Not all, but most of the defense material which is being shipped today could have been shipped in the same quantity six months ago. Guns, for example, could have been made on the old-fashioned small-production basis, using machinery already in possession of the government, some of it twenty-five years old, some of it seventy years old.

By sticking to these methods, playing safe, and dodging criticism, defense industries could have gotten about as far as they have gotten—in actual production, I mean—and gotten there a whole lot sooner. But that is as far as they could have gotten, substantially as far as they ever would get, by such outdated procedure—and that wouldn't be far enough to lick Hitler or even annoy him.

To adopt such a course would have been to admit at the start that we could not hope to match the speed of Nazi production, to say nothing of topping it. And that admission, as we have seen, would be fatal. For victory in this war, to paraphrase the remarks of a famous American general, goes to the side that has the "mostest" equipment and gets there "fustest."

One of our greatest American

motor makers, now involuntarily turned munitions maker, sums it up more grammatically in a sentence: "It is a race in tonnage 'produced' and tonnage 'delivered' on the heads of the enemy."

Obviously it would be impossible to win that race by employing production methods which the enemy had himself long since abandoned!

The alternative—which the men who are fighting the Battle of Detroit courageously took, although they knew full well that it would subject them in the beginning to harshest criticism—was to go about the laborious business of designing tools, manufacturing machinery, and constructing plants which would ultimately put the manufacture of guns and shells and tanks and bombers on the same mass-production basis on which the manufacture of automobiles has been these many years.

★ THAT took time.

As one motor maker put it: "The heart of mass production is co-ordination and exactness, reaching back through a thousand preparatory steps. Even though the automobile industry has over four decades of experience in making annual model changes, a full year's intensive work is essential between the development of new designs and the production of new models."

And these aren't just new models of automobiles that are now pouring off America's assembly lines. They aren't merely alteration of existing things. They are new things, in many cases things the present makers never saw before, and, until a few months ago, couldn't have called by name, let alone build and train others to build.

"More than 70 per cent of the \$1,200,000,000 in defense obligations assumed or under negotiation by General Motors," said Chairman Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., "are for products other than those normally manufactured by the corporation's divisions, and only about 10 per cent are within the normal area of the automotive industry. To produce these highly specialized types of defense materials requires, of course, special facilities, including specifically designed machines and tools and in many instances completely new plants. In this connection, General Motors has under construction or already completed fourteen such new plants, as well as thirteen important plant expansions. In addition, twenty-six existing buildings have been re-equipped with machinery for defense production."

When Packard took on the big job of producing 9,000 Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled engines, it was found that only 3 per cent of its regular automotive equipment could be adapted and retooled to make aircraft engines. Consequently Packard was forced to order more than 3,000 new tools and to wait for these and for the manufacture of other equipment before starting actual production.

(Continued on page 41)



A toast to peace while Japan planned war? Nomura with Lt. Gen. C. D. Herron, commanding the Hawaiian Department.

THE STRANGE SECRET OF ADMIRAL NOMURA

BY HALLETT ABEND

Author of *Japan Unmasked*; for fifteen years
chief of the New York Times Far East Bureau

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

★ "IT is a pity, at my age, to cap a long and creditable career with a terrible failure," said Admiral Kichisaburo Nomura to me last February, only a few weeks after he had come to this country as Japanese ambassador. Then he revealed that even before he left his own country he had become convinced that diplomacy would not avert a clash between his people and mine.

We were in the sitting room of his suite at the Hotel Plaza in New York City where I had come on Nomura's invitation. I had known him intimately for more than a decade and for nearly an hour our talk had ranged all over the Far East—from past events in China, to people we both knew, to the growing threat of war in the far Pacific.

From the time I arrived he seemed to have a burdened mind. Finally, looking worried and sad, he explained his position to me.

"I did not want this job," he said. "I'm no diplomat; I'm a navy man. But the appointment was forced upon me. I'm here because of the chance circumstance that I was a naval attaché to our embassy in Washington during the last World War. At that time your present President was an

Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Some of our people in Tokyo seem to think that this circumstance will enable me to induce the American government to accept our program in East Asia; but that is a foolish idea."

The Admiral paused a long time.

"I've served my Emperor and my country to the best of my ability for many years," he finally resumed, "but all that will be forgotten because I must make a failure of this—the biggest opportunity of a long lifetime. . . .

"I know only too well that my stay in the United States must necessarily be a matter of months only, and that it will be terminated by the outbreak of war between your people and mine. Even if I, as ambassador, were to make commitments which might promise a continuance of peace, there are those in my homeland who would flout and break those commitments. My mission is foredoomed to failure."

Nine months after those prophetic words were spoken by Admiral Nomura there landed at San Francisco from a Pacific Clipper, dapper smiling little Saburo Kuruusu. He had come, he said, to "assist" Admiral Nomura in conversations at Washington at which an effort was being made to preserve the peace.

I have known the old Admiral since 1931, and I considered him my loyal

friend until last year when his unique interpretation of his duties as ambassador led him to try to misuse our friendship by trying to "plant" a false news story through me, as I detailed in the October 18th issue of Liberty. That was bad enough, and the future may reveal that he knew his nation's naval and air forces were secretly preparing to bomb our fleet, our forts, our airfields, and our cities while he continued to negotiate with our State Department.

On the other hand, it may be within the realm of possibilities that he had no positive knowledge that Honolulu and Pearl Harbor were to be bombed on December 7 while under Tokyo's instructions he was still parleying for peace. It is possible that Kuruusu was the real villain of the piece, the leading actor in a fateful drama of treachery and deceit almost unparalleled in the history of nations.

Our naval experts now estimate that, about the day Kuruusu left Tokyo by air to catch the Clipper at Hong Kong, Japanese airplane carriers and submarines must have slipped unobserved from the harbor of Yokohama or of Nagasaki and begun their furtive journey under sealed orders to bomb American territories and sink American ships.

It is now almost a certainty that these airplane carriers and submarines stole southward along a route just to the west of the Japanese mandated islands which are strung along east of the Philippines. They must have slipped into the open Pacific far south of the equator and then headed eastward into a portion of that vast ocean where sea traffic is at a minimum. When they were well to the east of a line drawn south from Honolulu they headed warily north, and the carriers hove to on the night of Saturday, December 6. There they drifted, all lights out and engines stilled, through the hours of darkness. The submarines had gone ahead and were lying in wait for American transports and merchant ships about 600 miles off San Francisco.

At the first glimmer of daylight on Sunday, December 7, there were launched from the decks of the carriers the fifty or more airplanes which bombed and machine-gunned Pearl Harbor and Honolulu for an hour and a quarter about two hours later.

The carriers, it is now estimated, were probably about 500 miles southeastward of the island of Oahu when the planes were launched, and then, to escape detection, probably steamed at full speed in an unknown partial curve around the islands in order to arrive at the agreed rendezvous to which the bombers would return after killing and wounding more than 3,000 Americans and inflicting a damaging blow against our navy and air force.

This was ten months, almost to a day, after Admiral Nomura had told me that his mission as peacemaker was foredoomed to failure. The war-makers at Tokyo—and at Berlin—had had their way.

THE END



READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Dear Mom and Dad:

I promised to let you know if I got sick. I never felt better or healthier in my life than I do right now. But I'm very likely to get sick if I know that you are sitting home worrying and worrying about me all the time because of that blankety-blank Jerry. I'm surprised that you'd believe the tripe he writes home about me and that his folks pass on to you. It's nothing but lies.

You must understand that there are rats in the Army and Jerry is one of them. They seem to make it their business to spread those vicious rumors about men sick and dying. Sure I've heard them—who hasn't? It's a funny thing, though, that those guys never had buddies or outfits and they must have lived in caves way over on the other side of camp, because no one ever knew them or even saw them. And the same poor fellow dies in so many different ways. . . . The last one I heard of died from four causes: (1) flu; (2) run over by a tank; (3) overeating; (4) was given the evil eye by his sergeant and died in his sleep.

See how silly it is? I hope you haven't written a nasty letter to our congressman about my sickness. I'm only sick about the rumors you've heard.

Now, if you still can't believe your son, tell me so, and I'll have the chaplain look me over and write you confirming what I say about my physical status. He told me he'd had to do that a couple of times already for other chaps.

I feel fine. Hope you are the same.

Love,
Roy, Camp Blanding, Fla.

This letter was sent me by Roy's parents with the fine thought that its publication might relieve other parents' worries. I am delighted to print it, knowing that baseless and vicious rumors cause most of the heartaches among the families of men in service.

Did you know that there is a "lost battalion" in This Man's Army? Well, we're in it, and we're just a bunch of gypsies. No administration, which means we can't draw canteen checks or send laundry out. No kitchen, so we've been existing on emergency rations for the last two months. But worst of all is not being paid regularly; once we were four months behind. As bad as the conditions may appear, Sarge, we're having one hell of a good time and we love it, dirty clothes, no pay, and all.

Six Privates of the First Army
Fire Marking Detachment,
Somewhere in North Carolina.

I've got to the point where the word "moral" sticks in my craw—I've seen and heard it so much—but you've got it. Gripe and grumble, but you love it.

What are an enlisted man's out-of-pocket expenses and do they amount to enough to prevent him from saving train fare to come home?

Mrs. E. K., New York, N. Y.

At the present time a private is paid twenty-one dollars a month for the first four months, and thirty dollars thereafter. This has to cover dependent's allotment (if any), insurance premium (if any), tailoring, laundry, cleaning, haircuts, shoe polish, razor blades and shaving soap, tooth paste, smoking supplies, stamps, transportation (not official), recreation, and all other personal incidentals. So it's fairly tough to save furlough carfare out of a private's pay.

If the Army's function is to protect the country, shouldn't the country protect the Army's families? My husband has been in the Army for almost six years, an enlisted man and a one-striper. We have a ten-months-old baby. It's simply impossible to make ends meet on his pay of thirty-six dollars a month. I pay a girl to care for the baby while I work; that's

the only way we get along. But even so we live from hand to mouth and need clothes and other essentials desperately. When we ask for credit the answer is always "no" because my husband is in the service. I don't think it's fair.

Mrs. H. C., Columbus, Ohio.

It is not fair for a family to have to live on thirty-six dollars a month, and that's why the Army discourages marriage for enlisted men below the first three grades, i. e., earning less than seventy-two dollars a month. Maybe it will encourage you to know that if and when the Johnson bill for pay readjustment becomes law the pay of a private, first class, will be increased to forty-eight dollars.



BY FRANK BEAVEN

"See what I mean, Captain? From the air it looks like a barber pole!"

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.



Actual color photograph—James R. Callis, Jr. shows a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"TOBACCO like this, that's milder and better tastin', is bound to be expensive," says James R. Callis, Jr., tobacco warehouseman of Willow Springs, N. C. "But it's the leaf Luckies want, and sure as shootin'—they pay the price to get it.

"I've watched Luckies pay the price at auctions all over the tobacco country—that's why Luckies are my cigarette!"

Smokers... choose your cigarette for the tobacco that's in it. And remember, you can enjoy milder, better-tasting leaf—the kind that costs more money at the auctions—in Luckies.

To independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1



THE GOODWILL TOUR OF DON FLORENCIO DE LA PAMPA

EDITED BY JOHN ERSKINE

This manuscript by Don Florencio de la Pampa is an important historical document. I am proud to edit it and Molina Campos has illustrated it beautifully, as you can see.

I have selected paragraphs from Don Florencio's letters to his wife. With true Spanish delicacy he prefers that the lady should not make a public appearance. So I will describe her no further but simply offer her my thanks for putting his letters at my disposal.

Don Florencio de la Pampa is one of the last of the gauchos, those legendary plainsmen of Argentina, more given to poetry and guitar playing than our northern cowboys but equally adroit in handling cattle.

Touched by the spectacle of so many goodwill missions heading south, Don Florencio has come north to restore the balance.

He writes, as you will see, with an overflowing heart and an open mind. JOHN ERSKINE.

☆ I COULD enjoy myself if it weren't for this good will. New York is full of young things whom I could encourage and never say a word about it afterward at home. The city is rich also in antiquities, which I, as a spreader of benevolence, understanding, and sympathy, am expected to investigate and report on. My talents aren't being used where they could do the most good.

Yesterday a smart-looking woman greeted me near the subway station, and it was very kind of her to say what she did; but Lucéro had his eye on me and I'm supposed to take back an account of the New York underground, based on experience, so that's all the experience I had yesterday. Lucéro refused to go down with me. That horse of mine won't be deafened or asphyxiated if he can help it.

Today I rode to Times Square, said to be the center of the town. I imagined a plaza like the Avenida 9 de Julio in Buenos Aires, an immense space worthy of its cosmic name, Square of Time. But it's not a square; it's a triangle, a slice of American pie, with the point toward the south. Or, rather, it's an ant-trap; every one squeezes through the narrow part.

There's no reason why Times Square should be crowded, none why it should even be inhabited; but crowds go there just to see how crowded it is, and when they get pushed off the sidewalk they cross to the opposite sidewalk and get pushed off once more.

This lack of sanity is called a traffic problem.

The Square takes its name, not from the extent of mortal duration

as contrasted with eternity, but from a newspaper which formerly had its office at the apex of the ant-trap, and liked the congestion so well that it moved to a larger building on a narrower street.

The Square is surrounded by architecture. Lucéro and I were studying architecture when the policeman interrupted with two philosophical questions having to do with the mystery of personal identity and the ultimate end of man. In Buenos Aires the director of circulation stands in a tower, and when you go against the traffic he whistles at you. Here in New York he shares the general chance of being run over, and he inquires, above the din, who you think you are and where you think you are going.

THE END



F. Molina Campos, of an old Argentine family, was brought up on an estancia where he early learned to know the gauchos. His drawings preserve for the future an authentic pictorial history of these much-romanticized cattlemen who are now fast disappearing from the pampas.

F. Molina
Campos





SOME DAY I'LL TELL

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ KIT was too frightened to open the letter in the hotel's lobby but went with it to her room. The envelope, bearing the arms of a Devonshire castle that had become a military hospital, prepared her for a shock. Then she ripped it open.

After the first few lines she had to stop. Lenny, she read, was blind. . . . She read on in a daze. The writing was small and precise, set down by a nurse to whom Lenny had dictated. A burst of machine-gun fire, he explained, had caught him in the gun turret of his plane twelve thousand feet above the Channel, and something had happened to the optic nerves. The hospital doctor had told him he would be blind for the rest of his life.

"So, Kit dearest," the letter continued, "we'll revise our plans. I can't let you marry me now. I want you to forget about it. I don't know where I'll go or what I'll do when I get out of here, but I'm not coming back to the States. Eventually I may find a way of turning out songs again, but—"

The words lost all meaning. The last time he had talked to her, in those final moments at the station almost two years ago, he had smiled. "Don't worry, honey," he had said. "Nothing will happen to me. I'll be back. Just have a preacher ready when I come."

Lenny was a Canadian, and before the war, when Kit was working for her degree in chemistry, he'd come down from Montreal to study musical composition in New York. She had met him at a Stadium concert, and after a few weeks of knowing him she had found herself as excited by his ambitions as by her own. He had begun to do rather well, too. He had published several songs, and one of them—the one that had gone into a movie—had brought a few startling checks. It had been hard to see him go away so willingly just as he was beginning to win some recognition.

Then Kit found a job at the Gardiner munitions plant near Jersey City, and the work helped keep down her anxieties.

But now this letter . . . and the real-

ization that she would never see him again, if he was to have his way. He wasn't coming back. . . . Didn't Lenny understand his blindness couldn't affect her love? She wanted him now more than ever, with a longing that was like despair.

He'd never come back, Kit knew, as long as he felt he was going to be a burden on her. And how could you convince him that a blind man—a blind husband—would not be a burden? . . .

She forgot about her dinner, searching for something she could write Lenny. When the idea finally came, she sat down at the small desk and wrote, her fingers trembling. She set the words down haltingly; they were hard to find. . . .

★ IN October Lenny was dismissed from the hospital. In November Kit stood on a crowded dock at Halifax, shivering in a cold wind, and saw him come down the gangplank. Tall, slim Lenny in uniform, his eyes covered by two black patches. A cane was in his right hand and a nurse was guiding him.

Her heart pounded when she ran into his arms. "Lenny! Oh, Lenny darling—"

His cheek pressed against hers—tightly. He wouldn't feel anything, but that was all right. She had written him that there would be no scar, only a frightful discoloration. That had been in the lying letter sent, in her desperation, after she'd heard he was to be blind. The one in which she had given him up because a totally nonexistent explosion in her laboratory had burned her face terribly.

Lenny didn't speak of that. He kept whispering, "I love you, Kit." And after a few moments, as though to reassure her, he said, "We'll get along. I've been at a piano, and I managed pretty well. Alec Templeton manages

it. Maybe I'll learn to dictate simple scores—"

Kit's lie bothered her not at all. They were going to be together, weren't they? What else counted? Her face was against his chest.

And Lenny, holding her, was silent in his darkness. Silent with thoughts of his own. After they were married he'd try to make Kit understand. He couldn't tell her now of the three London specialists who had scoffed at the snap diagnosis of the military doctor. He couldn't tell her they had all agreed that, with care, he ought to be able to see again in a year or two. Those were things he would tell her later—some day when he could make her understand that her disfigurement, even if he were to see it, could not affect his love for her.

THE END

Besides the regular price, Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.





Why the groom-to-be walked down the aisle . . . of a Pullman

SOLEMNLY, Bill Johnston talked to the picture.

"Lady," he said, "the date I've got with you tomorrow is a date I wouldn't miss for a million in cash. It's 400 miles from here, but, don't you worry, I'll be there, sure as shooting. Your Uncle Dudley's smart about getting from one place to another."

So that evening, Bill Johnston walked down the aisle of a Pullman, with a grin he couldn't keep inside himself. He grinned at the conductor. He grinned at the passengers. He grinned at the porter who carried his bags and stowed them in Section 10.

"Once aboard the Pullman," he said, "and the girl is mine."

"Yes, sir," replied the porter, somewhat mystified.

Bill strolled back to the lounge car. He sprawled out comfortably in a big, soft chair, and started to read a story. No use. He read the first page, *four times!*

Finally, he decided to turn in. He walked back to his berth, gathered together his

dressing gown and toilet kit, and went into the spacious dressing room. He scrubbed up with plenty of piping hot water and sparkling white towels.

He left a call with the smiling porter, said "Good night," and got in between the snowy white sheets. He didn't expect to sleep a wink, but, man, that bed certainly was *snug and comfortable!*

Propping the two soft pillows beneath his head, Bill looked out the window. Sleet spattered in gusts against the glass, blotting out the lights of a passing town. He smiled to himself. "Once aboard the Pullman," he said again, as he stretched full length and shut his eyes . . .

. . .

Suddenly, the porter's voice: "Good morning. Seven o'clock, sir!"

It was morning. In the grey light outside, he saw familiar landmarks sliding by. Not far now, to where the girl would be . . . and the church . . . and their hands joining.

"For a guy who always travels Pullman," said Bill to himself, "I seem to be getting an almighty kick out of the way Pullman takes you right where you want to go . . . when you want to be there!"



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FOR COMFORT, SAFETY, AND DEPENDABILITY—GO PULLMAN

FEMME

FATALE

Ronny's eyes were on Margot Peale. In gleaming white satin, she was strikingly beautiful.

ILLUSTRATOR KENNETH COWHEY

It took a crack on the head—and a girl with bronze shoulders—to show Julie she was a fool

BY HELENE CARPENTER

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

☆ DUSTY leaves on the trees rimming the polo field hung motionless in the heat of Indian summer. A pall of apathy lay on horses and players and spectators. But Julie Morrow wasn't interested in the game of polo.

She had timed her entrance for the last chukker when her fastidious grooming would make the other army wives look wilted and dust-filmed, like vegetables on a roadside stand at the end of a long hot day.

Her black Shantung suit had the smart look of fall, yet was light enough to deal comfortably with an early October heat wave. She stood a moment irresolute, with just the right trace of hesitancy in her manner.

Her guileless blue eyes scanned the rows from under the smart swoop of her black brim as if she were trying to locate her husband. She knew perfectly well that Miles was talking to a horse trader out by the gate, but she didn't want to have to sit with rank.

"Hi, Julie! Come on up and sit with us."

The shout came from a lively group of junior officers. Dick Andrews, lean, light, and with brand-new captain's bars on his shoulders, stood up and waved to her. This was what she'd planned.

She managed a sweet smile of surprise as she raised a white-gloved hand in greeting to the post's most eligible bachelor and made her dainty way past Colonel and Mrs. Barret. Her acute ears caught the tail end of a feminine comment as she passed: "Lots of new meat for Julie these days."

It didn't ruffle her smooth surface. She took it as a compliment that she aroused speculation and conjecture

among her contemporaries. For Julie was thirtyish: a fact she refused to face as long as she still looked twenty-two—on her good days.

The gay young set made a great to-do over her. The wives fired questions: "Have a nice time in New York? Who's who in café society this fall? See any shows? You look simply gorgeous!"

All winter she would discreetly sprinkle the answers to these questions through her conversation. She never told all. Little tidbits, parceled out from time to time, gave zest to her dinner-table small talk. There'd be no mention of the beauty treatment at bandit prices.

She dropped down between Ronny Kitchens, a shy young lieutenant, and Dick Andrews with his knowledgable eyes and his horror of mamas with daughters to marry off.

"Your hair is like spun gold against the black," Ronny said.

Julie patted Ronny's whipcord knee lightly. "You're sweet," she said, with a flutter of fantastic eyelashes. "Gilt for the lily," Miles called the extra ones she affected.

Directly in front of her she saw Della Shane, an enemy of long standing, with a young girl in tow. Della was a rawboned, red-faced woman with a viper's tongue and leather lungs, whom no one but mild-mannered Colonel Shane could subdue.

"Julie," she boomed, "I want you to meet my niece, Margot Peale. Maggie, this is the *femme fatale* of the army—created for decorative purposes only."

The girl was young, Julie saw when she turned around to acknowledge the introduction. An outdoors type—sweaters and flat heels. Not more than eighteen, with clear gray eyes and long brown hands. Julie was suddenly glad she'd taken a long nap to restore the delicate tint to her





fine-grained skin that after ten years of late hours was beginning to fade.

The Field Artillery team shot a goal, and under cover of the spatter of applause Dick asked, "You going to the Woodsons' cocktail party?"

Julie nodded.

"Ride with me?" He raised an intimate eyebrow.

"I'd love to." She gave him a smile designed to admit him to familiarity and to remind him of the restrictions it implied.

Della Shane turned around with all the finesse of a hippopotamus breaking out of an egg crate. "There's Miles now—if you're interested." She pointed to a tall, wide-shouldered man talking with the game officials.

"Does your husband play polo?" asked Margot. "He's terribly good-looking."

"No; he has to be careful of his hands."

"Best surgeon in the army," Della said, "but horse-crazy! Don't go falling in love with Major Morrow. He has but two passions. Animals and Julie."

Julie laughed a gentle reproof. "Do you mind mentioning me first, Della?"

"Should I?" she asked meaningly.

Julie was used to broadsides like this. What Della didn't know was that it had taken years of subtle direction to shift Miles' ardor, that so limited her own activities, to his horses. Not that he didn't still worship her. He did. He was proud of her beauty, her popularity.

And she was proud of him. He was the best surgeon in the army. They told her he was cold and passionless as the blades of his scalpels in the operating room. But that was a world apart to Julie.

Ronny was looking at her adoringly, as if she were a fragile treasure. "You remind me of a bisque doll mother had. My sister cracked it up and mother cried."

Della turned around again. The woman's neck was on a swivel and she had the ears of a serpent. "What happens to bisque dolls when they begin to crack?" she asked.

Ronny gave an embarrassed boyish laugh at having been overheard. "I don't know. It smashed all at once and got thrown in the rubbish heap."

"Cat in the manger," murmured Dick out of the side of his mouth. "Pay no mind!"

Julie knew that a faint pink must be deepening in her cheeks, but just then every one stood up. An accident. A player stretched on the ground and a horse limping away. Miles ran out on the field as the player got unsteadily to his feet.

A wag in the front row shouted, "Look at the man first, major!" and a ripple of laughter ran through the stands. It was a stock joke. They were always kidding Miles about being more interested in horses than humans. Yet today it annoyed her.

She loved him—in her own way. He was a rock to lean against, a shoulder to weep on, a reflecting mirror for her charm and beauty. He

understood her craving for the adoration so lacking in her girlhood. Besides, as he said, "There's safety in numbers."

"They tell me your husband has such fine hunters," said Margot as the game resumed. "You ride a lot, I suppose."

"Occasionally." Julie's voice was a soft drawl. "I'm much too lazy, as a rule. But I subscribe to all the orthodox tenets, such as 'A thoroughbred is the noblest handiwork of God' and 'A drop of saddle blood would contaminate the Pacific Ocean.'"

"Don't let her fool you," barked Della. "Behind that porcelain prettiness, Julie has a knowledge of horseflesh that few men possess. Where she got it—heaven knows."

☆ "I WAS born with a caul," said Julie demurely. Wouldn't Della love to know she was born on a Canadian horse ranch, raised in the saddle! A skinny kid with a sun squint between her eyes, fair skin that continually burned and peeled, hair the color of faded hay. Her father's little "right-hand man" while he bought and sold, traded and cheated. Yes, she'd come a long way in fifteen years! And she wasn't retracing a step of it, thank you.

The game was over. Both men put out a helping hand. As they went down, Della said to Dick, "Don't forget you're coming to dinner tonight."

So that was it. He was invited to the Shanes' for dinner so the girl would have an escort for the post hop afterward. Much good it will do her, thought Julie smugly.

Dick said, "Ride over to the Woodsons' with us, Margot. You and Ronny can have the rumble seat." He pressed Julie's arm as if to say, "That'll take care of Ronny."

They had come to the line of parked cars and were about to get in Dick's convertible when Miles came striding toward them. He wore no hat on his close-cropped head, and Julie, looking at him through Margot's eyes, thought, He is good-looking, with his square brown face and graying temples. Half the women on the post were in love with him and he wasn't aware of it. Completely a one-woman man. Julie preened herself.

"I wish you'd come look at a mare Judkins brought over, Julie. She's a honey." His fine hazel eyes shone. "He claims she's seven eighths. She looks full to me. No papers on her, though. Can buy cheap."

"Right now, dear? We're on our way to a cocktail party."

Margot, who was already in the jump seat with Ronny, began climbing out.

"May I come, major? I love horses better than anything!"

"I'd be delighted," he said.

Julie masked her irritation with a smile as she walked across the dusty grass. A dried-out string bean of a man with crafty eyes was holding a dark bay mare at the end of a lead rope. Another horse to strain the budget. It was too much. And who,

pray, would exercise this one? She had no intention of wearing herself to a weather-beaten shadow. She was all through with that life.

Yet she couldn't suppress a grudging admiration of the small intelligent head, the long clean lines, the breadth between the front legs, that meant chest room and consequently stamina. She was a beauty, all right. Well over sixteen hands and her hide shone like polished mahogany. One after another, Miles lifted her feet and showed them to Julie. Then he opened her mouth, and she had to stand on tiptoe to look at her teeth.

"Just comin' up six," said Judkins.

"Ten," said Julie almost inaudibly.

"Sired by Sir Rockingham, English stud," he offered.

"And the dam?" Julie asked.

Something furtive flickered in Judkins' little eyes. "Mare by the name of"—he scratched his head—"can't call to mind now. Belonged to a colonel used to be at the remount station."

The mare whiffled her lips and a speck of foam landed on Julie's sleeve. She opened her purse, removed a handkerchief from which the scent of an expensive perfume rose, and dabbed daintily at it. That slanting race between the mare's eyes, with a snip on the nostril under it like a drunken exclamation point—Where have I seen that marking before? Suddenly it clicked. She seldom forgot a face, human or equine.

"Mr. Judkins," she asked innocently, "did you ever hear of a mare called the Red Queen?"

"Don't believe I did." But he flicked an uncertain eye at Miles.

"She had the nastiest habit of stomping her foals to death in the stall unless she was watched day and night. Thought you might have heard of her."

"You been listenin' to fairy tales, lady," he said. "Ain't a word of truth in most of 'em."

"Perhaps not," she murmured, and spread her hands in a little helpless gesture. "I know so little about horses and blood lines."

She turned toward the car, but not before she had caught the shadow of dampened enthusiasm in her husband's eyes. There would be no mare bought that day.

☆ JULIE didn't stay long at the Woodsons'. In the first place, it was difficult to nurse one cocktail for very long, pretending it was freshly poured—and two made the facial muscles relax. Margot had persuaded Miles to come along, and had sat in the corner of the living room giving him rapt and undivided attention. Julie discovered that what was sauce for the goose was definitely not sauce for the gander. Heavens, she hoped she wasn't going to act like a wife at this late date!

☆ JULIE dressed with lavish care, for she had a brand-new gown to launch tonight. She had casually mentioned the designer to little Mrs.

Shaw, who had promptly broadcast the magic name.

About ten, when they arrived at the officers' club, Julie thrilled to the ecstatic compliments. The deep rich blue was embroidered in sprawling vines and golden leaves that matched her hair. "A version of modern Chinese dress; amusing, isn't it?" She knew that few could have worn the long straight lines that were particularly suited to her almost childish figure, and the sly split in the skirt revealing her well turned ankle and calf with more showmanship than a pair of shorts. Smooth gold bob and exotic little stand-up collar. An artful blend of Nordic and Oriental.

"I married one of the Soong sisters," Miles said, and, slipping an arm around her, cut her out from the admiring circle. "After our duty dance she will return and speak to you in pidgin English."

He danced as well as any big man who does it because it's expected of him.

"I've got to drop by the hospital," he said, "then to the stables to have another look at that blue roan who's been kicked. I won't be back till the brawl's almost over. Suit?"

"You're the only one who hasn't told me I looked nice in my new dress." She drew her mouth down in a little pout.

"Maybe it's because I just got the bill for it." There was a new note of criticism in his deep voice. "There wouldn't be any connection between that and your warning me off buying the mare, would there?"

"Have I ever given you a wrong steer on a horse?" Julie asked coldly.

"On a horse—no," he admitted. "Listen, Julie. When are you going to get over this 'queen of the May' complex? I've been waiting a long time for you to wake up and be your age."

"I suppose this is the Margot Peale influence," she came back furiously. Odd, how that girl got under her skin.

"She's a grand kid. Kind, sympathetic—and nice bones, besides having plenty of good horse sense."

"Are you speaking from a physician's or veterinarian's point of view?" Her laugh had the tinkle of ice in it.

He shot her a queer look. "I haven't got tunnel vision, and I do have normal reactions. Though you possibly have forgotten it."

Over Miles' shoulder Julie saw Dick coming toward them. "Let's not quarrel," she said with a sudden smile, and pressed closer to him.

He said, "Take a runout powder on the kindergarten, will you? Get up and ride with me in the morning."

"We're all going over to town for breakfast," she said. "No, dear. You run home and get your precious sleep. Don't worry about me. Hello, Dick."

"Cut, major—"

Miles released her abruptly and left the floor without a word.

She slipped into Dick's arms. "You didn't dine at the Shanes'?"

He shook his head. "And get tied up for the evening?"

"Heel," she said, pleased. Was he a little tight? He held her so close she could hardly breathe. When they came to the door she disengaged herself. "How about a little air?" she said. "It's terribly hot in here."

The veranda which encircled the clubhouse was deserted and a bright moon flooded the hills. Julie moved into a shadow and Dick followed.

"Let's go by my quarters for a little drink," he suggested.

She tilted her head provocatively. "What—no etchings?"

"I might dig up a few." There was a mocking light in his eyes she didn't like, and she held him off with her hands pressed against his lapels.

"No." She shook her head. "I like great big oils—in museums."

"I know. With plenty of light and lots of people. But you can't always have what you like. I'm sick of the red-plush rope around you, and the sign 'Do not touch.'" Roughly he pulled her to him and kissed her. She felt his lips on her mouth, hot, hard—ruining her make-up. With surprising strength she pushed him away.

A silhouette fell across the moon-lit floor. "Hey, Dick!"

It was Ronny. Dick hastily drew his handkerchief across his mouth before he turned around. He was very practiced about lipstick.

"You should see Margot," Ronny said. "You always said a slicker in slacks was a droop in a dinner dress. Well, come see how wrong you were. That you, Julie? I've been hunting for you. This is our dance."

"Excuse me a minute, Ronny," she said. "I left my vanity in the dressing room."

There was a sudden pause in the chatter at the powder table when she came in. With nervous fingers she redid her make-up, vaguely conscious of the knowing glances exchanged.

★ WHEN she returned, Ronny was waiting for her, but his eyes were on Margot Peale coming through the doorway with the Shanes. In gleaming white satin, she was strikingly beautiful. Her smooth bronze shoulders were bare and her simply combed hair added dignity to her long, lithe figure. Julie saw in the turning heads masculine approval and feminine appraisal, and experienced a swift pang of jealousy. She chattered brightly as she went from one pair of arms to another, but she kept an eye on the men that surged around Margot. When Dick Andrews led her triumphantly away from them for a dance, Julie's evening began to fall to pieces.

Cut-ins became less frequent until, to her horror, she found she was stuck with a bald major general. And even he seemed to be always circling her to keep Margot in view. She was not used to sharing honors and she did it with bad inward grace. She was glad when the band played the last number.

Her little clique was gathered at the door, discussing where they were going and with whom. Julie lifted her

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Bundy



Jennie: Ta! da-da-da! Loosen up the hips, Auntie! And get a little sparkle in your eye! The rhumba is supposed to be fun.

Auntie Mae: Oh, dear! I know I'll never master it!



Auntie Mae: It's no use, Jennie! Even if Mr. Brown *does* love to dance, I'll never be able to do the rhumba.

Jennie: Fiddlesticks, Auntie, all you lack is a little *pep appeal*. And that reminds me. I'll bet you're not eating right, not getting all your vitamins. You can't have pep without vitamins, you know. Come down to the pantry and we'll make a start right now.



Jennie: And now, Auntie, right in this scrumptious cereal are extra-rich sources of two of the most important vitamins, B₁ and D. Yessir, right in KELLOGG'S PEP, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat.

Auntie Mae: Hey! Why didn't you tell me it *tastes* so good? If getting the other vitamins is as much fun as eating PEP, I may wind up doing the rhumba yet.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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chin a bit higher to correct the tiny under-chin sag that appeared when she was extremely weary.

The Shanes stopped to say good night on their way home, and Della beamed on her niece. "Have a good time, Maggie darling." The colonel added, "But don't forget there's a hunt tomorrow morning."

"I'll not bring her home till after breakfast," warned Dick. "Just in time to change to riding clothes."

"I'm so thrilled that Major Morrow is letting me ride his favorite hunter, Frosty Warrior," Margot said to Julie. "May we pick you up on our way to the meet?"

"Bless you, child," Della put in briskly, "Julie won't be riding in the morning. She'll be catching up on beauty sleep." Then a last malicious thrust: "When we nudge forty, we have to decide whether to dance till dawn or ride at dawn—eh, Julie?"

Fury sent a burning tremor along Julie's nerves. She bit back the shrewish words that sprang to her lips. There was a tiny tense silence.

With murder in her heart and a smile on her face, Julie looked at Margot through her lashes.

"It must have been the chestnut he promised you," she said sweetly. "I'm riding the Warrior."

☆ THE breakfast party went on and on, and dawn was breaking leaden and misty when Julie wearily hung up her blue-and-gold gown. She threw a handful of bath salts in the tub and turned on the taps. As she lowered her tired body into the steaming water, she heard rain on the roof. Reprieve? She closed her eyes. Please, God, make it rain so hard the hunt will be called off and I can sleep—sleep! Even as she prayed it pattered into silence.

The warmth of the fragrant water had a narcotic effect. To close one's eyes for one delicious drowsy moment! With an iron will she pulled herself out and tried to rub some vitality into her body with a coarse towel.

It was hard work to pull on her boots, her feet were so swollen from dancing. Her hands trembled as she fastened the white stock at her throat. She picked up a hand mirror and took it to the window. In the early morning light her black derby made a hard line against the deadly pallor of her face. She hastily applied a little

rouge and some deep red lipstick. Miles was at the buffet when she came into the dining room, drawing himself a cup of coffee from the silver urn. She picked up a cup and saucer and held it under the spout. If he was surprised to see her up at this hour and in riding clothes, he gave no sign. The wind had switched to the north and it was cold in the house. She shivered and drew closer to his pink-coated shoulder.

He seemed very remote. How long since he's kissed me? she thought.

"I'm riding the Warrior this morning; I told Margot she could have Copper Angel. I don't suppose it matters." She watched him from narrowed lids.

"Don't suppose it does," he said. "I'll have a martingale put on him. He's high from lack of exercise."

"No martingale," she said.

"You're not jumping?"

"I'm not ready for the rocking-chair brigade yet," she said sharply.

"I wasn't thinking of you," he said absently. "Frosty Warrior had a stiff shoulder last week."

Her eyes flew open. He wasn't thinking of her, indeed!

☆ DRAG hunt. Pink-coated men and black-habited women streaming through woods and fields misty in a half drizzle. Julie let Miles go on ahead and drew over to join the Bob Whites, Johnny Shaws, Ronny, Dick, and of course Margot Peale. On the glistening chestnut Margot looked fresh as the rain-washed oak leaves overhead. What did this girl have that made Julie feel like a discarded bedroom slipper?

The Warrior, impatient at having to walk the first mile, kept breaking into a jog trot, and Julie was glad when they took up a faster gait. Margot and Ronny were just ahead of them, and Dick's eyes were riveted on Margot as she and Ronny took the first low post and rail together.

"Nice form Margot has," Julie said. Bighearted Julie!

"Nice," he agreed, and made no further attempt to talk.

Julie gave the gray his head as they came toward the post and rail. He took off way back, cleared the top by a mile, and landed far beyond from sheer excess of spirits. The shock of landing warned Julie how badly off form she was.

The next barrier was higher. Julie gathered the big hunter and put him up on the bit. Jumping on the bit would take a nice delicate feel of the horse's mouth all the way over. She didn't realize that her finesse had vanished with lack of practice until she did the unpardonable—smacked him on the mouth. Anger at her own hard hands ran down the line of communication between horse and rider. He started pulling ahead inch by inch. Margot looked around in surprise when Julie took the next jump almost on her heels.

"Don't ride up on Margot," Dick said, "It's dangerous."

Julie tightened in resentment at the

OH, JOY!



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Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



MARK

reproof and brought the Warrior up short with the curb. Bewildered, he broke his stride and flung his head up. It struck her on the cheekbone. Dazed by the pain, she almost toppled from the saddle. She had an excuse to turn back now. No, no, she mustn't give in. If she died, she died with her boots on!

The rain had started again. They were in a fast gallop now. She shoved her heels down and felt the pain of unused muscles run up her legs. Grimly she fastened her eyes on the flashing hoofs in front of her.

Through the trees she saw the wall. Five feet of solid rock. Only a few were taking it. Most of them were going around.

"This will weed out the grocery clerks and the old crocks," Dick said.

Margot was taking the wall clean as a whistle in steeplechase form. Dick dashed ahead, took the wall, and caught up with her.

So he thought she'd go around too, with the old crocks! Margot looked back, her firm young face flushed with the thrill of the jump. It was a challenge that ran through Julie like a sword of mockery. The hoofs of the galloping horses flung it back in rhythm: "You are old. You are old."

Julie bent low over Frosty's neck, gave him his head, and socked the spur to his sides. He leaped forward with such a spurt her foot came loose from the stirrup. Swiftly she kicked the other free to remain balanced.

Now they were at the wall. "Hup!"

A stab of fear as she felt him slip on the slick take-off, recover, and jump straight up. She heard a front tip as they sailed over. The clink of metal on rock was like a gong struck in her heart.

Down they came with a crash. Blind panic raced along her nerves as she felt his shoulder give way, crumple under. She tried to roll free as, stiff with horror, she saw the great horse on his back, all four feet in the air. He was rolling over to crush her—and she was powerless to move.

The precarious balance held a fraction of a second that was a lifetime long. Instinctively she flung an arm across her face. Then the legs swung away from her and Frosty was lurching unsteadily to his feet.

Shouts. Hoofbeats. People dismounting. She closed her eyes and let the pain engulf her. When she opened them again, she was conscious of a frightened group huddled about her.

"Don't touch me," she whispered as Margot stooped down. "Let me lie here a minute."

The rain beat down in her face, streaking her make-up and making lank yellow strings of her hair. Dick was holding her hand and patting it awkwardly. She didn't care. There was only one person she wanted.

"Miles?" she asked weakly.

"Coming now," said Dick.

She raised her head from the wet earth and she saw Miles leap from his horse and throw his reins to a bystander. He was coming to her. No!

He had stopped by Frosty—was running a hand down his foreleg. He had looked at the horse first!

She started to laugh, shakily at first, then loud and senselessly. She heard herself babbling about bisque dolls and rubbish heaps, and knew she must stop it.

★ WHEN she awoke, it was mid-afternoon and the cold rain still beat on the windowpane. The sedatives had worn off and she was one solid shimmering ache. She moved her head experimentally on the pillow. Her neck wasn't broken, though it felt like it.

Bessie came in with a tray, placed it on the bedside table. "Lemme he'p you sit up, Miz Morrow."

"Bring me the mirror."

She took it and stared at herself. It was a new face, scrubbed with hospital thoroughness. Oddly enough, without the false eyelashes her eyes looked younger, in spite of the tiny lines around them. It was just as well. She'd never wear them again. She looked her age—every day of it—and she didn't care. From now on out, she would devote herself to Miles—to making him happy. Her coming of age had been a painful process.

She put the mirror down on the bed. A shadow lay across her heart and a nagging black cloud persisted at the back of her mind. She couldn't quite remember what had happened after she had struck her head. She must ask Miles. He would know.

"Starter" HI and "Sprinter" HATT

Guys that start on Kessler's seldom Change—and I don't wonder—

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WHAT kind of laxative do you take? One that's so strong it weakens and upsets you? Or one that's so mild it fails to give you real relief?

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10c a ROLL—3 for 25c



**PERSONALITIES
MAKE NEWS:**

People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles about them and by them in Liberty.

Boots on the stairs. She held her breath and waited. He passed her door and went into his own room.

"Miles," she called. She couldn't wait to tell him of the new Julie. He'd be so pleased.

No answer. Resolutely she pushed the table away and threw the covers back. Every muscle protested the lifting of arms as she struggled into her blue satin robe and thrust her feet into gold mules.

With her hand against the wall for support, she moved slowly to the French doors that separated their rooms and pushed them open. Miles was sitting on the edge of his bed, back to her. His heavy shoulders sagged, his head was forward on his chest. Poor dear. He was worried about her.

She made her difficult way to the bed and sat down beside him, leaned against his arm and let her golden hair flow over his shoulder. "I'm all right, dear," she said softly. "It took a crack on the head to show me what a vain, conceited little fool I was."

Now he would take her in his arms—arms that spelled security and warmth and happiness. His shoulder was strangely still under her cheek. She looked up in alarm. He was staring straight ahead. His brows were a straight hard line of concentration.

Timidly she plucked his sleeve. "Darling?"

Mechanically he bent over and thrust his foot back in the boot. The

black cloud spread and darkened.

"What is it, Miles?" Her voice was thin and high like a frightened child's.

"The Warrior," he said, as if talking to himself. "He's in bad shape. Got to go back—see if I can't do something more."

He stood up. In quiet despair Julie placed the palms of her hands on the bed to brace herself while the life blood drained out of her. This was it—the pay-off. She remembered now. Oh, she'd been so clever, encouraging his passion for horses. Now they'd frozen her out. Now that she was ready to come back, there was no one to come back to. But she loved him. Didn't he know that?

Still as death, she sat in deep and bitter reflection while he fastened on his Sam Browne belt. Was there nothing she could do? Salvage some part of their marriage? She knew a great deal about horses. Julie Morrow, she thought ironically, wishes to exchange French perfume for horse liniment.

He was striding to the door. "Miles!" she called, and got shakily to her feet. "Wait till I change—and I'll go with you."

"O. K.," he said. "But make it snappy!" Cold. Curt.

She put a hand to her heart. It actually hurt. Was this what people meant by heartbreak? But suddenly her spirits lifted, soared; for as she turned she saw, in the wall mirror, his tender smile.

THE END

VOX POP—Continued from Page 4

den of Eden." My Bible says nothing about an apple in Eden; it has "fruit," but that is all.—K. F. Lichthardt.

Many Vox Poppers have written in about this. The question said "legendary or religious"—not Biblical—episodes. Poets in all languages (including in ours Byron and Browning) have long since made the apple a legendary part of the story of Eve.—VOX POP EDITOR.

**GEE WHIZ, MRS. FRIZELL,
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY**

SIERRA MADRE, CALIF.—They laughed when the Scotsman sat down at the gopher hole to dig out the nickel he had dropped, and wound up with the Grand Canyon; but the joke was on them, because the Scotsman bought a Liberty with the nickel and was thereby fully repaid for his trouble.

In these times of rising prices a great deal is being said about values. If any one can tell me where you can get greater value than a week's entertainment, with information added, for a mere five cents, will you please do so?

Our forefathers gave us freedom and it is wonderful, but for a nickel extra you gave us Liberty and I think it is wonderful too. I enjoy every page thoroughly.

May you continue to grow and prosper.
—Mrs. J. M. Frizell.

LIBERTY IS PROUD TO HAVE HAD A PART IN THIS

ALMOND, N. Y.—I read Fulton Oursler's splendid account in *The Last Word* a short time ago of the Bundles for Britain program being conducted by the Reading, Pennsylvania, Exchange Club, and it gave me an idea for the Hornell Exchange Club. I proposed the project Gifts for Servicemen, and as chairman of this project I am conducting it in the same manner as the Reading Club did their Bundles for Britain program.

A list of service men in the armed forces from this vicinity has been obtained, and packages consisting of two packages of cigarettes, two chocolate bars, I package of gum, 1 package of mints, and five packages of razor blades are sold at cost. A person buying a package merely pays for it, and the Exchange Club will either mail it to some one designated by the donor, or if they have no preference a name is selected from this list and a parcel mailed.

Each package has a gummed, addressed label with the name of the donor written on each parcel, so that if the boys care to thank the donor they may do so.

Our club has no corner on this project and we wish to make it a year-round project. I can think of nothing which could bolster the morale of our boys any more than a parcel from a citizen of their community.—E. S. Mason, Chairman, Gifts for Servicemen, Hornell Exchange Club.

THE BATTLE OF DETROIT—Continued from Page 26

This was only half the Packard problem. Seventeen thousand workers had to be recruited and trained to operate the new machines. In fact, here and everywhere throughout the defense effort the training of the seventeen or eighteen industrial soldiers needed to keep one combat soldier in action has been the biggest problem the new munitions makers have had.

Take the AC spark-plug factory in Flint: The day before the management was told that henceforth they would be machine-gun manufacturers, only two men in the entire plant had ever seen a machine gun closer than a Warner Brothers movie. AC, therefore, had to begin its training system from scratch, with a nucleus of eight experienced foremen from its regular staff, who undertook to learn, and did learn, how to make the guns themselves. Then each of these eight took on ten other candidates for foremen's jobs and taught them what they had just learned. In this way a staff of some eighty foremen and assistant foremen was assembled.

The next step was to obtain from the Flint public schools—which had meantime set up two shifts of night courses in machine-shop work—partially trained boys and young men who could be developed into operators capable of running such machines as require a considerable amount of manual skill. Having built strongly from the top down, the AC people then took on unskilled laborers, about 40 per cent of them girls, who could be taught a few simple movements of routine production work. By this painstaking method, together with many revolutionary improvements worked out by its engineers, AC was able to go into production one year before the date it had promised and is still one year ahead of schedule.

I have talked with these men—the bosses, the foremen, the men on the assembly line—not just in Flint but all around the circuit, and I have to report that the spirit, without which these miracles would not be possible, is uniformly fine. Especially is this true of the men who have entered defense service from other lines of work. Here are three typical expressions gathered, as it happens, from the Olds Forge plant in Lansing:

"I ran a grocery store in Diamondale. Still got an interest in it, as a matter of fact. But here I've learned to run a machine which notches the end of the shell, and believe me it's mighty important, 'cause that's where the cap is fastened on. I can tell you there's much less grief in this job than in running a grocery store!"

"I'm twenty-nine and I've got three kids. I drove a cab in Lansing for nearly five years and I used to work twelve hours a day and six days a week doing it. I've learned to operate a vertical lathe on this job. I like it swell and I haven't missed a day yet."

"I was a barber for thirteen years and ran a tailor shop on the side. In

the three months I've been here I've learned to run this hydraulic-press banding machine. And I've sure found out that the saying 'as fine as a hair' doesn't mean a thing compared with the measurements we've got to keep to on these shells. This beats barbering and tailoring all out!"

No matter how good the spirit, however, no matter how resourceful the management, and no matter how ingenious the engineering, we must not lose sight of the fact that these defense workers, from top to bottom, are doing new jobs about which most of them had never even heard twelve months ago. They must be given time to master those jobs.

In other words, machine guns aren't spark plugs, bombers aren't automobiles. Tools that will make one won't make the other. New tools must be designed, new machines manufactured, new processes evolved. Most important of all, men must be trained to new jobs. All this is necessary before mass production on a super-Hitler basis is begun.

Perhaps you know all this. But I didn't—until I went out where the work begins—and I think there are a lot of other good American citizens just as dumb as I was about these things. They should be told. They are counting on the Battle of Detroit as a main line of defense in today's war. They should know.

I put this phase of the matter up to one of the big generals on the Detroit front, a top production man, and this is what he said:

"There is a lack of national understanding (and it exists in fairly high places) of what it takes to bridge the difference between material 'on order' and material 'on hand.' There are weeks, months, often many months' difference between the two. With the exception of military trucks, all defense material differs radically, more or less—mostly more—from the materials used currently in mass production. These materials for defense are more highly stressed and must be much more accurately made. Broadly speaking, they have not been designed with mass production in view at all."

President C. E. Wilson of General Motors backed up that statement with a graphic example when he pointed out that the cost of automobiles at wholesale is less than twenty-five cents a pound, whereas the cost of airplanes and aviation engines is five to ten dollars a pound.

"Generally speaking," continued my production man, "the public thinks there is little difference between an automobile engine and an aircraft engine, and this is not difficult to understand. They are both gasoline engines, aren't they? If you are set up to build large quantities of the automobile engine, you should be able to switch to quantity production of the airplane engine immediately. Well, both are engines, both use gasoline, both are

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DISH BREAKS INTO
A MILLION PIECES
A MOISTENED
KLEENEX PICKS UP
TINY SPLINTERS A
BROOM NEVER GETS!

(from a letter by
Mrs. W. J., New York, N. Y.)

**"TELL ME ANOTHER"
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LIFE WITH FATHER

...WAS TERRIBLE WHEN HE HAD
A COLD UNTIL HE STARTED USING
COMFORTABLE, SOFT KLEENEX
TO SOOTHE HIS RED, RAW NOSE!

(from a letter by W. H. N., Chicago, Ill.)

I say it again and again
—Delsey is soft
like Kleenex!



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soft like Kleenex Tissues
double-ply for extra strength

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*Trade Marks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

four-cycle; but when this has been said you are well on the way to exhausting the points of similarity."

As a matter of fact, if an aviation engine were to be made of the same materials and in the same manner as an automobile engine, it would weigh more than the whole airplane!

I emphasize this matter of the difference between an automobile engine and an aviation engine, because so many really intelligent people still cling to the notion that planes are driven by the same kinds of mechanism that automobiles are, and should be turned out by the same machinery and at the same rate.

Well enough meaning labor leaders, who rush into print with statements that the defense program has lagged because all machines in automobile factories aren't working full time, suffer from this delusion. Regulation automobile machines are idle half the time, it is true, but that is because the government, in the interest of preserving necessary materials for national defense, has cut down the production of automobiles by approximately 50 per cent.

If there is one idle machine in the automobile industry that can make defense material and isn't, finder will please notify Messrs. Ford, Keller, Sloan, et al., and receive reward!

No, defense is not a part-time, by-product, warmed-over job. It is brand new: something Americans didn't know anything about, weren't prepared to do, had to learn, like a trade.

And it isn't as if there was just one new trade to be learned.

General Motors, for example, is working on several hundred different war products in sixty plants scattered over thirty-five cities. I won't burden you with the list, but if I were to do so, you would see at once that getting ready to deliver on these new and widely different products is like starting new businesses, very complicated businesses, much bigger businesses than even the automobile industry has ever envisaged.

It's big business—the biggest ever attempted in the history of man.

And in addition to all the special factors we have enumerated, which make it necessary for defense industries to go slow at first in order to be able to go fast later, there is the usual tedious period which precedes any major change in mass production. This period is known in the automobile business as "tooling up."

Moreover, this tooling-up process is not confined to the big concerns with which the government has contracted for mass production. No automobile manufacturer, not even Mr. Ford, makes all the parts which enter into the finished automobile. General Motors, for example, does business with some 10,000 "suppliers" scattered all over the country, on whom they know they can rely for special skills in the making of certain parts. For example, one item that a big company requires consists of 125 parts, 122 of which are made outside the company's own plants.

So the process of alteration and replacement and training which we have seen going on in the big plants on a large scale must also occur in these hundreds of small plants—and is occurring, but with much travail, because it is harder for the little fellow, with fewer engineering and management resources, to change over.

Several times in these paragraphs we have had occasion to mention machine tools, a subject with which most of us are very little familiar. We all know about the assembly lines, the finished product, but we have given little thought to how the pieces of metal which are fitted on the assembly into their proper places get the way they are: cut, drilled, bored, ground, made to fit. That is the work of the machine tools.

Now, in switching from peacetime work to wartime work, the making of every machine tool becomes a custom job, and a big one, too. Don't be misled by the word "tool." The ones I am referring to are no hammers or

How the "change-minded" adaptability of America's automobile manufacturers works miracles in the mass production of shells and machine guns, Mr. Collins will show you next week!

screw drivers. A riveter with a squeezing pressure of 100,000 pounds to the square inch is a tool, and it may weigh at least four tons.

Before manufacture on these giants can begin, reams of blueprint paper must be consumed by designers and engineers. Did I say reams? The story in Detroit is that it took 186 pounds of blueprints to produce the first American tank!

That may be an exaggeration, but this I know to be true: in one factory alone, 62,000 man hours of work were required to turn out 8,000 tool drawings, and another 231,000 man hours of work went into the making of these tools—jigs, fixtures, and gauges; then all this new machinery had to be installed and men taught to operate it before work on actual defense material could begin.

This, I submit, is the kind of job which requires expert treatment, and it is getting it from the men who are the very best of their very good kind. But not even the greatest engineering and manufacturing geniuses can eliminate altogether the element of time. As Mr. Knudsen points out, although we have the greatest doctors in the world and the finest hospitals, it still takes nine months to make a baby.

All of which is by way of answering the first question on everybody's lips: "Why has it taken so long?" Now the time has come to answer the next question: "What have we got, now that we've got it?"

That's easy. The nine months of defense gestation have passed.

Come out with me to Detroit and see the baby!

LET'S PLAY GIN RUMMY

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★ THE mechanics of gin rummy can be acquired in a very few minutes and the factor of luck enters into the game to such an extent that the veriest tyro may win every game at his first attempt. However, in the long run, the player who uses his head will eventually come out a winner.

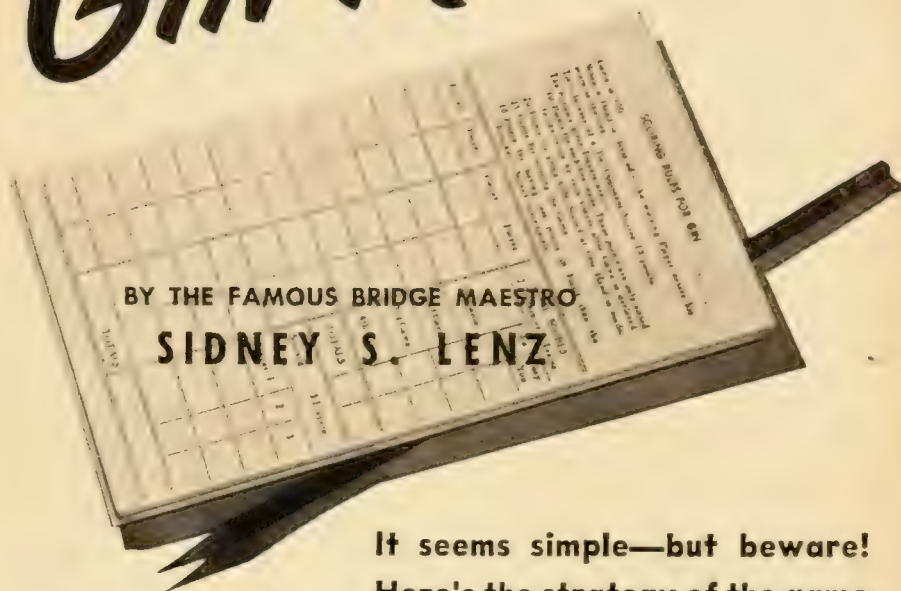
A deck of fifty-two cards is used. Ten cards are dealt, one at a time, to each of the two players and the twenty-first card is turned face upward. The nondealer has first choice at taking the exposed card, to replace one of the cards dealt him. If he passes, the dealer may take it or also pass. Should the dealer pass, the opponent takes the top card of the pack, and then discards a card from his hand, placing it face up on the table. If he wishes, he may discard the card he has drawn.

The dealer now has the choice of taking the discarded card or the top one of the unexposed pack. This procedure continues until one player goes "down" or the pack is exhausted. At no time may a player hold more than ten cards after he has discarded.

The object of the game is to match the cards held into three or four of a kind, or into sequences of three or more of the same suit. Thus: the ace, two, three of spades or the ten, jack, queen of hearts. The ace cannot be counted in sequence with the king, only with the two. When the player can put down (or meld) his cards, so that the unmatched cards count not more than ten, he calls "Down," and melds his matched cards. The actual pips denote their count, all court cards counting the same as ten. A player may lay down the six, seven, eight, nine of diamonds, three kings, discard a jack, and go down for "five" with two aces and a three. Opponent may then meld his matched cards and also play on the declarer's cards. If he holds a king, and the five, ten, and jack of diamonds, they may all be played on the declarer's hand. The declarer scores the difference between "five" and what his opponent has remaining.

If, however, opponent can tie or beat the "five," he gets ten points for tying, in addition to the actual pips less than declarer. So if, after playing on declarer's cards, he has only three points remaining, he would score twelve points—two points difference and ten points for being under declarer's count.

The player first scoring 100 points wins the game and is allowed an additional 100 points.



**It seems simple—but beware!
Here's the strategy of the game**

Each completed deal, called a "box" or "down," counts ten points.

If a player goes down with all ten cards matched, he calls "Gin" or "Slam" and takes twenty points in addition to the count on his opponent's unplayable cards.

The "downs" do not count toward the game, but are added after the game is won.

Of course if one player has, let us say, ten downs and the opponent four downs, the difference of six downs, or sixty points, would be taken by the winner of the "downs," irrespective of who may have won the game.

When a player goes "gin," his opponent cannot beat him, but he can tie. Should this occur, neither the "down" nor the ten points should be allowed to either side, although at some clubs the player who ties is permitted to take the score. It seems to me that a player who has maneuvered perfectly should at least be entitled to a draw.

Some players do not permit the opponent to play on the declarer's meld when he goes down for "gin." This also seems rather unfair, as a sound player may be holding up cards that he knows will play on his opponent's hand, and thus be penalized.

At times a player is fortunate enough to score the necessary 100 points for the game before his adversary has made any count at all. In this event the lucky stiff scores a "Schneider" or—less elegantly—a "skunk," and doubles the point score. The "downs" are scored undoubled, although some sadists insist upon the whole hog.

When the game is won, the point score of the loser, if any, is deducted, the "down" score added (or subtracted if the loser has more "downs") and 100 points added. Then a new game is started.

It is best to have the deal alternate, but some players prefer to inflict further punishment on the loser of each hand by making him deal, while others favor the winner dealing.

To summarize:

Ten cards are dealt alternately to each player and the next card is faced.

Nondealer has first choice of taking the exposed card and discarding one from his hand, or passing the privilege to dealer.

If dealer passes, the opponent must take the unexposed top card and discard one from his hand.

The players try to match their cards in three or four of a kind and in sequences of three or more of the same suit until pips of their unmatched cards total ten or less. Then they go "down" for the number of points left, and opponent may meld his hand and also play on declarer's cards.

Game is 100 points.

Bonus for game, 100 points.

Bonus for each "down" or "box," ten points.

Bonus for "gin," 20 points.

Bonus for tying or beating declarer, 10 points.

Bonus for "skunk" doubles point score, before "downs" are added.

Strategy of play:

While there seems slight opportunity for superskill at gin rummy, it is surprising how often the game is chucked by poor tactics. It should not

be difficult to remember the faced cards that your opponent picks up, and still many players will, after a few plays, discard the fourth card and enable opponent to go down.

At times it is impossible to know if the taken cards are needed for a sequence or a match-up. In cases like this, discards should be made that do not fit either way.

Before many draws, a clue will probably show up, either in the enemy discard or your own hand. A player, having discarded a king, may later pick up the king of hearts. It should be apparent that he is holding a sequence in hearts, and yet players who rate themselves pretty good will discard the ten or nine of hearts, and feel aggrieved at their bad luck when it is grabbed up and the opponent goes down. To play well, it must be remembered that half the game consists in visualizing the cards that are needed by the enemy.

When the hand is almost finished, it is very helpful if you can remember what has been discarded. It usually makes the difference between winning or losing the hand.

A number of players are consistent losers because they pick up cards discarded by their opponents, when the percentage is against such procedure.

Let us say the enemy discards the nine of spades when you hold the eight of spades and the nine of hearts. It is true that the discard will fit either the sequence or the match, but still it is not good play to take it. To

make it an actual counter, you must draw the card you need from the pack, because the opponent, unless he is a drib, will not help you further.

If opponent goes down after a few draws and catches you with a lot of high cards that cannot be played, you may be stuck for fifty or more points. For this reason it behooves a player to reduce his count without too much delay. When two of your discards are picked up, presumably matching up at least six cards, it is no time to retain high cards. Two aces and two deuces set you back only six points, while two jacks are twenty points.

One of the moot points of this game is whether it is advisable to pick up a low card at the start, to commence reducing at once. If an ace is turned, and you have first choice, you would save nine points by exchanging a court card for it. Most players grab the ace even before they look at their hand. I do not agree with this. With few exceptions, I would not take the ace unless it was an actual player.

When a player has the opportunity to go down quickly and gather in a big score, it is foolish to dillydally. The rule to follow in picking up low cards is not the generally accepted one of reducing a poor hand, but that of getting a good hand in position to go down at the earliest possible moment.

Often a player is confronted with the problem of whether it is better to play for "gin" or going down with a fairly high count. Usually it is better to go down, unless the play of the hand

is too far advanced. If the opponent has taken one or two of your discards, or the deal is more than half over, a player should hesitate about going "down" for a count of more than four or five. However, even with a fair chance for "gin," it is winning play to go down quickly for a count of ten, if you can do so. While you are trying for "gin," the enemy may get rid of all his high cards, or even sneak across the line himself, before you get set.

Many players have a bad habit of running through the discards to see what has been played. This should not be done.

Few players are agreed as to the correct procedure to follow when a hand is gone through and neither player goes down. Some players throw in the hand without any count, others match up the cards and low score wins the difference, without play on each other's cards. I believe it is best to reshuffle the cards, each player holding his cards, and go through the deck a second time.

This puts a premium on a good memory.

Credit is doubtless due to mah-jongg players for allowing bonuses in going "gin" on various combinations of hands. Melding ten cards, all consisting of court cards and tens, is worth a bonus of 200 points. A ten-card sequence in one suit takes a bonus of 150 points. "Gin" with all low cards—aces, twos, and threes—counts 100 points bonus.

THE END

CROSSWORDS BY LEE PASQUIN

HORIZONTAL

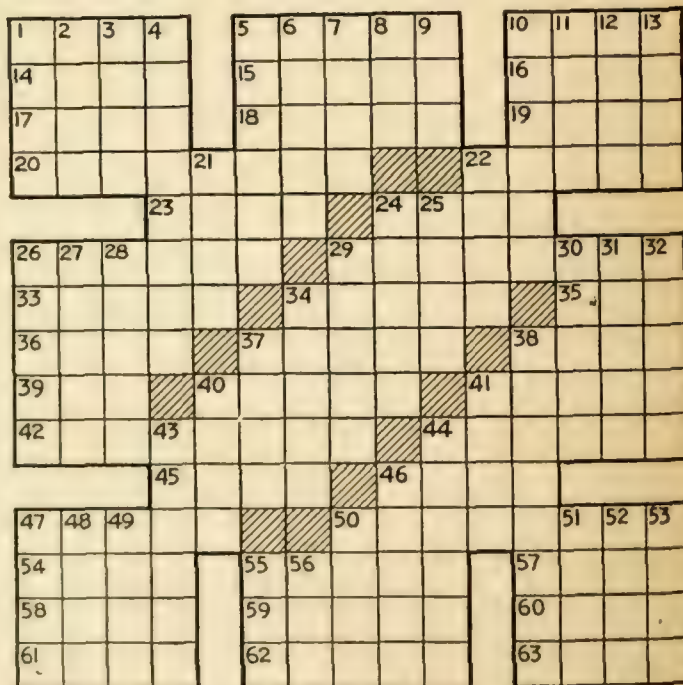
- 1 Box
- 5 King of sea demons (Celt. myth.)
- 10 Degree
- 14 Healthy
- 15 Musical study
- 16 Correct
- 17 Mountains in Europe
- 18 Pierced, as with a horn
- 19 Tropical plant
- 20 Boring
- 22 Light flux
- 23 Covered vehicle (pl.)
- 24 Agitate
- 26 Companion
- 29 Body of peers

- 33 Put in a row (var.)
- 34 Conveyance
- 35 Children's game
- 36 Position
- 37 Postured
- 38 Very small particle
- 39 Number
- 40 Cripples
- 41 Heavy hair (pl.)
- 42 Told
- 44 Whitest
- 45 Smooth
- 46 Roman garment
- 47 Balance
- 50 Fragile
- 54 South American shrub

- 3 Wing-shaped
- 4 Applicable
- 5 Go away
- 6 Particle of matter (pl.)
- 7 Entice
- 8 Poem
- 9 Color
- 10 Come back
- 11 George Eliot character
- 12 Exhaust
- 13 Kind of collar
- 21 Satisfy to the full
- 22 Wild animal
- 24 Wise man (pl.)
- 25 Walked
- 26 Fattened chicken
- 27 Fabric
- 28 Penurious person
- 29 Laid a foundation
- 30 Make amends for
- 31 Hinged barrier (pl.)
- 32 Void
- 34 Females
- 37 Head
- 38 Abnormal softness of any part of the body
- 40 Wash

VERTICAL

- 1 Close
- 2 Prefix: equal



- 41 Wise men of the East
- 43 Tell
- 44 Well-mannered
- 46 Month in

- Jewish calendar
- 47 Boat
- 48 Insensibility
- 49 Sour
- 50 A star of the

- opera
- 51 Seed covering
- 52 Story
- 53 Otherwise
- 55 Part of to be
- 56 Tree

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Last week's answer

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES



Mickey and Judy are together again in a fast-paced musical, *Babes on Broadway*.



Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck in *Ball of Fire* provide plenty of laughs.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

★★★½ BABES ON BROADWAY

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland really go to town in this lavish musical. They play a couple of stage-struck kids who finally make the grade on the main stem. But they find time to put on several shows within a show, to revive famous theatrical scenes, and to black up for a stunning minstrel performance. Mickey even does a take-off of Carmen Miranda. If you're in search of varied entertainment these grim days, here it is in a big resplendent package.

The stars hold the film together, in so far as it is held together. Nevertheless the production itself is something for the records. That old one about everything but the kitchen stove applies aptly to *Babes on Broadway*. Songs and dances, comedy and sentiment, straight drama and spectacular production numbers are strung together in a beguiling movie. The romance is handled pleasantly. The supporting cast is expert. The show even anticipated wartime conditions with a rousing chins-up song dedicated to the British.

The plot is slight, but it is a solid enough base for the pyrotechnics of the production. Rooney and two pals are hoofing in a restaurant when they're discovered by a talent scout. They miss a big chance in a Broadway musical, but they put on a block-party entertainment for a settlement

house and hit the big time when they repeat the show for an audience of one in an abandoned playhouse. Mickey falls for Judy and learns a few lessons about service to temper his exuberant ambition. The finale is one of those alleged Broadway extravaganzas which could only have been staged in the Yankee Stadium.

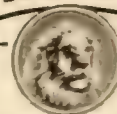
Rooney and Miss Garland are getting a bit old to play babes, but they handle their assignments splendidly. The former does a little of everything. He shuffles, sings, and delivers wisecracks, in addition to making adolescent love. He pretends that he's Richard Mansfield in *Cyrano*; George M. Cohan, Harry Lauder, and the aforementioned Latin bombshell. If you like him, you'll find him at the top of his form in this offering.

Miss Garland is even better at keeping the musical from going off at all sorts of tangents. A talented young actress makes the most of her versatile talents, singing, dancing, and keeping the straight drama fairly plausible. Among the supporting players are Fay Bainter, James Gleason, Virginia Weidler, Donald Meek, and Emma Dunn, all of them first-rate for their particular parts.

There are some bright new songs in *Babes on Broadway*. There are also some catchy renditions of former musical successes, ranging all the way from *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee* to *Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones*. Since Busby Berkeley, who knows a thing or two about dancing, has staged

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month

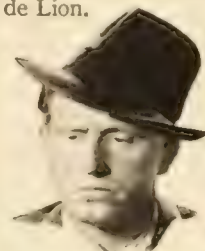


The greatest
star of the
screen!

Begins the nineteen hundred and forty-second Annum Domini and the third year of this column.

May our foes wither like the chilled leaves. May Decency find, with renewed vigor, the mislaid path plotted in the year one.

So wisheth the philosopher Leo, Coeur de Lion.



Each of us, in his own way, has his job to do. And ours is to entertain, to divert, to interest, to serve.

We offer the best that the screen can provide. With each year the movies come to fuller flower. In addition to technique they have mastered pace and the tempo of the times.

When you see—and you will see—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year", note this blending of action, merriment and modernity.



It's the snappiest yarn that has come to the studio editor in many moons.

Spence plays a hail-fellow sports writer named Sam. Kate plays a high-brow political columnist named Tess. Tess gets pretty stuffy about sports and one day Sam takes her to the ball game where she asks some pretty cute questions, to the disgust of the press box.

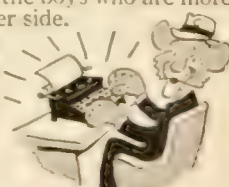


It's either war or love twixt Sam and Tess. All's fair in both.

But, baby, what comedy comes out of the mixing of the two worlds—the people and the tall brows. That party where those who came over in the Mayflower rub elbows with the boys who are more on the cauliflower side.

"Woman of the Year" is the Picture of the Year.

—Leo



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

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MAKE MONEY THE FIRST DAY

You should take in big profits the first day. C. Childers took in \$121 first week. Barrett says made \$28 in 8 hours. Naturally these men report their best experiences in best seasons. They don't earn this every day or every week and have to make a small allowance for materials, but you can see that there is a fine chance for real money in this business which offers tremendous possibilities. You make a reasonable down payment, pay the balance on easy terms. Write today for free book which tells how easy it is to get started in a big-pay business of your own. Write today—now.

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KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
(ESTABLISHED 1872) NEEAH, WISCONSIN

the whole entertainment, it has pace and flavor throughout. Babes on Broadway is sheer entertainment, but an awful lot of entertainment for one motion picture.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ 1/2 BALL OF FIRE

Gary Cooper has played some odd roles in his time. He has another one in this fanciful tale of professors, gangsters, and a night-club entertainer. He takes it in his stride. He's a staid authority on etymology! Ball of Fire is a bright, prankish film, with Barbara Stanwyck giving a delightful portrayal of a brash cabaret cutie, excellent assisting actors, and a trick twist for a climax.

The astute Samuel Goldwyn has given the comedy his usual fine finish. Although the story is generally preposterous, it rattles along at a brisk clip under the direction of Howard Hawks, burlesquing the academic tradition, having fun with current slang, and winding up in a cockeyed dither of melodrama. It is consistently funny and, with its engaging stars, it should repay your attention.

The trick twist is established at the outset, when the shy authority on word derivations goes around New York looking for "language with its sleeves rolled up." He runs across a blues singer and come-hither dancer and asks her to attend his seminary. When the cops get after her she moves

in with the professor and his colleagues. He falls in love with her and she discovers she loves him, even though she is supposed to marry a gangster. The pay-off comes when the academic old fogies clean up on the gang and the professor and dancer go into a clinch.

Cooper is not altogether at home amid weighty tomes and Ph. D.s, but he manages to keep the role comically effective by underacting. Miss Stanwyck, who doesn't always do much acting, is splendid as the come-hither girl who befuddles the profs and falls for one of them. Richard Haydn, who was a big hit on the stage, is fine as one of the pedagogues, and Oscar Homolka, Henry Travers, and S. Z. Sakall exaggerate other scholarly impersonations. Ball of Fire is an antic and amusing movie which makes little sense but packs plenty of entertainment.

(Samuel Goldwyn—RKO.)

FOUR, THREE-AND-A-HALF, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Dumbo, One Foot in Heaven.

★★★½—Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq., How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman, Birth of the Blues, Suspicion, It Started with Eve, You'll Never Get Rich, International Lady, Honky Tonk.

★★★—Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier, Target for Tonight, Skylark, Ladies in Retirement, The Feminine Touch, Smilin' Through.

STALIN: DEVIL OR GENIUS?—Continued from Page 21

tolerance; for without the Red leaders the social revolution would at least have been deferred.

Lenin, who was living as an emigre in Austria, had fled in August, 1914, to Switzerland, and from that center had carried on, with a newspaper, pamphlets, and speeches, against Czarist Russia. He poured scorn on "the Socialists of the Czar" and wanted the defeat of Russia "as the lesser evil." When, in 1917, the French and British refused him a transit visa, he got it from the German generals, who hoped by their action to reach an early peace with Russia, and did so. But by their action they also brought about the creation of the Communist State. If Lenin had not arrived in Petersburg, the revolution of the workers and peasants would never have taken place.

Trotsky, who was at that time not yet a Bolshevik, took a similar view to Lenin's during the early years of the war, though he was less extreme. He was expelled from France, fled to the United States, and was arrested in Halifax while trying to get back to Russia, but was finally set at large. Within a few weeks of each other, Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin arrived in Petersburg from three different points of the compass.

What did Stalin feel about the situation? For four long years, cut off from all contact with his master,

Lenin, he had lived the life of a hunter and fisherman in his arctic exile. He had come within a hair's breadth of becoming a soldier of His Imperial Majesty the Czar, and perhaps of being wiped out in the great mass slaughter. The losses of the Russian army were so enormous that even political prisoners were pressed into service and twenty of Stalin's comrades in Siberia were enrolled. A defect in his left arm saved him from a like fate. I do not know whether he still suffers from this defect.

What his thoughts were during those three years we do not know. Since Stalin was extremely careful in later years to have his own and other records and papers sifted so as to leave a favorable picture, his opponents point significantly to the lack of documents relating to that time; for it is certain that he would have published every radical line he wrote. At any rate we know that on his way back from exile with two comrades, he sent this telegram to Lenin: "Comradely greetings on departure for Petersburg. Stalin."

Stalin's jealousy of Leon Trotsky, their records as "civilians suddenly become field marshals," and Lenin's success in keeping them victoriously co-operative in the Bolshevik cause, will be interpreted for you by Emil Ludwig in Liberty next week.

children who think of him not as Mickey Rooney but as Andy Hardy, the clean-cut American boy with all the virtues and no vices. Hence the extraordinary measures of precaution taken by the M-G-M officials.

A publicity man by the name of Les Peterson acts as Mickey's shadow, bodyguard, censor, tutor, and mouth-piece. It is Peterson's tricky job to know where Mickey is and what he's up to at any given moment. And it is Peterson's unpleasant duty to remind Mickey that he must act at all times as Andy Hardy. This means a lot of things: No smoking in public. When Mickey wants to take a puff or two, he retires to a bathroom. No undue display of wealth. It is quite all right for him to use his shining green roadster on an ordinary night, but on the night when he's scheduled to appear at one of the so-called world premières, he must be satisfied with his secondhand dilapidated station wagon. No foreign entanglements of any sort. When Mickey hears the call of the world, the flesh, and the devil, he is reminded he must live as Andy does.

And, finally, under no circumstances must Mickey grant newspaper interviews without the benefit of Les Peterson's presence. The talking, at least ninety-five per cent of it, is done by Peterson, the grinning by Rooney.

★ THE policy of surveillance adopted by the Metro people toward their most important asset may have kept Mickey from getting involved in a jam, but on the other hand it turned out to be a boomerang. Unable to get "real stuff" from Peterson and Mickey, the columnists and the fan-magazine writers are obliged to secure their information elsewhere, and that's when the trouble begins.

Every day brings forth new Mickey Rooney stories, most of them hopelessly implausible. Nothing and nobody are spared in those stories. Women with whom Mickey has but a nodding acquaintance are described as his paramours. Ladies old enough to be his mother and ladies young enough to be still in school figure prominently in those weird tales.

The truth is, of course, that Mickey is not one hundredth as vicious as gossip paints him and not one tenth as virtuous as the M-G-M people would like us to believe. A healthy normal boy, he is a product of his early environment.

The only son of Joe Yule and Nell Carter, vaudeville performers, Mickey made his first railroad trip at the age of eleven days, when his mother had to appear in a skit in Albany, and he wore his first dinner jacket at the age of eleven months, when he became part of his parents' act.

The story of his first solo appearance on the stage is one of those Broadway-Hollywood classics which has all the earmarks of a lie that

achieved the rank of truth through constant repetition. It seems that one night, when Mickey was fifteen months old, his parents forgot to lock the door of their dressing room. Sid Gold and Babe Latour, a well known vaudeville act of the period, had just begun their routine and were singing what was supposed to be a very sentimental duet, Pal of My Childhood Days. They thought they were doing exceedingly well and that any moment now they would see tears rolling down the cheeks of the audience.

★ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ★ by DONALD GORDON

THE ARMED FORCES OF THE PACIFIC, by Captain W. D. Puleston, U. S. N.

Written, of course, before the outbreak of the war in the Pacific, results of actions by both forces will continue to alter Captain Puleston's line-up. But his book remains a reference yardstick against which newspaper readers and radio listeners can check events as they are reported, to say nothing of the professional conjectures about probabilities which now are intensely interesting reading. For armchair strategists the book is well nigh essential. (Yale University Press.)

Instead, they suddenly heard a roar of laughter. Mr. Gold looked up and down and around. He naturally thought that either his partner or he had forgotten to button a button. But no, there was nothing wrong about him or Miss Latour. The audience went on roaring. Then, only then, did Sid Gold spot a child standing on his head, his feet waving in the air, in the left corner of the stage.

"It's that lousy Yule kid," Sid Gold whispered to Babe Latour. Aloud he said, "Ah, it's you, sonny! . . . Well, this a wonderful surprise. Come on. Let's see if you can sing this song better than we do."

Mr. Yule obliged. He walked over to Gold, took the center of the stage, and sang Pal of My Childhood Days in a clear, concise voice, imitating every gesture of Sid Gold's. He brought down the house. Mr. Yule had to repeat the song. A shrewd showman, Sid Gold realized what it would mean to his act if he could enlist the services of Mr. Yule, Junior, and have him make his impromptu appearance every night. For the next nine months Joe traveled with Sid and Babe. They never stayed more than one week in the same place, and the world Joe Yule, Junior, knew then consisted of a hotel room, a taxicab, a Pullman berth, and the stage.

When Joe was two, Sid Gold decided that the kid began to "date," and returned him to his parents.

Joe's next professional appearance took place in Chicago, in a tear jerker called Mr. Iron Claw. There was the part of a midget in that

thriller played by a bona fide midget by the name of Heinie Hanley. One night Mr. Hanley ate too much cheese-cake and became violently sick. The manager was in despair. Where was he going to find another midget on fifteen minutes' notice?

Nell Carter heard the commotion, and said she felt sure that her three-year-old son Joe could play the part. The manager took a chance.

In the first act Joe wore a full-dress suit. He admired himself and his white tie so much that he missed the cue and caused no end of headaches to the members of the cast. The second act was not much of an improvement on the first. Joe was wearing a dinner jacket in that act, and he was so angry about having been deprived of the beautiful white tie that he sulked and butted in on other actors' lines. Fortunately, he had no lines in the third act. All he had to do was to stand quietly in a corner holding a prop snowball.

★ WHEN the curtain went down, Joe received a basket of flowers. He spent the rest of the night heckling the other actors. "You bums, I'm the only one in this company who's a real performer. I got flowers, but you didn't—you didn't."

A week later Hanley resumed playing his part, while Joe was relegated to his parents' dressing room.

The next fall when a Broadway manager began casting a play entitled Not to Be Trusted, a play requiring the services of a midget, he remembered having read a paragraph in a trade publication about a pugnacious child by the name of Joe Yule, Junior. He hired him. Joe was four then. His face was his capital. It looked like the ugly pan of a thirty-year-old midget.

When Not to Be Trusted folded up, Orchids and Ermine came along, another play in search of a midget. In this Mickey had to hold a big black cigar in his mouth all through the play. Cigars and milk teeth do not mix particularly well, and as a result of chewing on a Corona Corona for six successive months Joe lost four front teeth. Nell Carter, who was by that time separated from her husband, considered buying store teeth for Joe, but then Orchids and Ermine was taken off and there was no sign of a new midget play anywhere.

"Nell," said her theatrical agent softly, "I hate to break your heart, but your son is washed up. He's through. He ain't got a chance."

Nell went home and broke the tragic news to Joe Junior. The two troupers cried together. He was yet to celebrate his fifth birthday.

With young Joe washed up at five, he and his mother faced lean days. Broadway has little use for down-and-outs, so Nell Carter made a momentous decision to further her son's career. Read next week about Mickey's early days in Hollywood, and how he was at last "discovered" by David Selznick of M-G-M.

☆ IN 1832 Caitlin Ryan is left a widow at seventeen when her young husband, Buck Preswald, commits suicide. Penniless, she accepts the offer of Jim Blake, a River boat gambler, to become his partner in a gambling house in New Orleans. There, as Kate Ryan, she sings for the patrons—and is looked upon as a “notorious” woman by the respectable folk of the city.

Her one ambition is to save enough money to make a home for her small son, now away at school, in some community where Kate Ryan is unknown and she can live quietly as Mrs. Beuchleigh Preswald. Her chance comes when Dan Bedford, whom she met long ago at the time her husband killed himself, loses five thousand dollars gambling with Blake. She persuades Blake to give her the money to start a new life in Memphis. Blake reminds her that the Bedford Plantation is near there and that Bedford will recognize her. She replies that she wants him to. He has known her only as Mrs. Preswald. If he accepts her as a quiet widow, others will accept her too. If some one comes along who does recognize her as Kate Ryan, she will simply say that a mistake has been made. It is a bold plan, but it might succeed, says Blake, and, lending her his colored servant, Erasmus, to act as her butler, he sees that she gets passage on the Vicksburg, on which President Andrew Jackson as well as Dan Bedford are making the trip upriver.

Her first encounter with Bruce Norris, who has known her at Blake's and is in love with her, passes off well. She maintains that she is Mrs. Preswald, not Kate Ryan, and Dan Bedford backs her up. He also introduces her to President Jackson, who likes her at once, and to Miss Lilian Lansfield, a fluttery belle with a yearning to improve the world and an idea that she is irresistible to all men.

When they arrive at Memphis, Miss Lansfield goes to visit at the McVeigh Plantation and Dan gets himself a job as a reporter on the Appeal and announces his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for the State Assembly. Caitlin, as Mrs. Preswald, hires a small house and, with Dan's help, starts getting it ready for her son James, now eight, who will soon come to her. One day the carriage of Madam Bedford, Dan's mother, draws up to her door.

PART SEVEN—THE PRETTY LITTLE WIDOW WAS A LADY!

☆ MADAM BEDFORD noted, a little against her will, that, while there was nothing elegant about the house, it was very pleasant-looking and in a very pleasant neighborhood. She walked up the neat path and pulled the bell.

Erasmus appeared. He bowed, took her card on a small silver plate, said, “Will you step in, ma'am? I'll see.”

Madam Bedford sat herself on a small horsehair sofa. Evidently this Mrs. Preswald knew how to train her butler.

Caitlin read the card. She didn't

MISSISSIPPI BELLE

A woman's heart, besieged by love,
can find one small boy bewildering

BY CLEMENTS RIPLEY

know whether she was glad or angry or scared. She had been pushing furniture around in James' room, and she was tired. She came downstairs without doing more than whacking her hair a few times with a hairbrush, and changing her dress, and changing it back again, and picking a lot of things up and putting them down again—which was her way of being efficient.

She sailed into the room—and she looked like the wrath of God, and she knew it. And Madam Bedford knew she knew it.

Caitlin said, “Please, Madam Bedford, don't rise. It's kind of you to call on me.”

Caitlin sat herself down opposite Madam Bedford.

It was Madam Bedford's turn. To Madam Bedford's horrified surprise, this pretty little widow was a *lady*! Her butler, her house, her curtains. And she wore an old dress—at least four years old. And she had been working in it. And she came downstairs, and made no apology whatever. The fact was (grudgingly), this was a *lady*. And she sat quiet.

Madam Bedford would never know how those slim legs longed to cross and uncross, how those fingernails yearned to clench into small palms, how the pale-pink, unreddened lips quivered with the things Kate Ryan might have said.

Madam Bedford only knew that it was her turn. And the best she could do with her turn was, “You've made a very charming place here, Mrs. Preswald.”

“Oh, I thank you! I'm trying to make a home for my son. I hope he'll like it. I—I haven't seen my son for five years, you know. He's been at school.”

“You—haven't—seen—your—son?” Madam Bedford spaced out her words.

“There was fever in New Orleans for two years, Madam Bedford. And I don't think New Orleans is a good

place to bring up a little child if you haven't much money.”

☆ MADAM BEDFORD drove back to Bedford Plantation with a lot in her head. Unfortunately, this little widow, with a child, was a lady. She was impossible, of course, for Dan—but Madam Bedford almost wished she had been possible.

Madam Bedford and Mrs. Preswald had almost come to an open quarrel at one point. Madam Bedford had said carelessly that Dan would come to his senses presently about this foolishness of being a reporter for the Appeal at four dollars a week, and being a can-





ILLUSTRATOR SEYMOUR BALL

"Now, look, Mrs. Preswald—"
Dan Bedford was very serious.

didate for the Democratic nomination for the Assembly. Madam Bedford suddenly found a very nice little white kitten transformed into a tigress.

"Mr. Bedford," Mrs. Preswald flung out at last, "can do anything he sets out to do—if he wants to do it enough. And I tell you, Madam Bedford—" She stopped and put her hand out.

"Ah, I'm sorry—what am I sayin'? But I do think Mr. Bedford has great capabilities, however he uses them."

Madam Bedford had suddenly un-bent and laughed. "Oh, my dear—I'm sure Dan has great capabilities. Many young ladies have told me so. But I do wish he'd show them to me sometime."

Yes—Madam Bedford couldn't help wishing that little Mrs. Preswald was possible! But she wasn't.

Caitlin went upstairs and wished that Madam Bedford was five thousand miles away. But she wasn't!

★ MISS LANSFIELD came, too, as in duty bound. With her she brought Miss Mary McVeigh, her hostess, from Acorn Hill, the McVeigh home place. Mary McVeigh weighed Caitlin soberly as she drove the fast-stepping trotter home over the rutted track. "I think she's all right," she said.

Lilian Lansfield patted her ruffles

down. "I'm sure she is. But I'm sure she has no real consciousness of the great social problems that confront us."

★ DAN BEDFORD went to the editor, and he was an angry young man. "You cut my editorial about the Specie Circular—"

"Well—yes," said the editor. "Now listen, Dan. You go take a look at that melon Ed Biggins sent in here. It's a great large melon. Certainly it's more important than your Specie Circular. I guess the Specie Circular is important to the nation—but that melon is important to Shelby County. . . . Hell, I know you wrote a story about it! But there's seven families of Bigginses in Shelby. Three of them are against us. Go write that this melon was raised by Ed Biggins, who is grandson of William Biggins, who died at the Battle of New Orleans. . . . Boy, if you had any real instincts of a newspaperman you'd figure that this melon—well, there might be three hundred Bigginses in the state, and you might get a hundred extra votes by puttin' the Bigginses in the paper."

Slowly—slowly—Dan Bedford began to learn the hard trade of a newspaperman—of any man who puts something on paper that somebody will pay to read. He worked hard at it. He was surprised—but nothing could surprise him much now—when he was nominated from Shelby County as the Democratic candidate for the Assembly!

He was no more surprised than were the Shelby County politicians. This was a Whig year—anybody knew that! To have a decent candidate, with money back of him, ready to throw himself to the lions, was what the Democrats considered a gift from heaven. None of the regular political plugs wanted to act as lion meat in a Presidential year. Dan Bedford was acclaimed.

★ MEANTIME, Dan Bedford had other things to worry about. He came in unexpectedly and found Mrs. Preswald in tears.

It was so new to Caitlin to find anybody who cared whether or not she was in tears that she let him put a comforting arm about her shoulders while he read the letter from James.

It said that James had an invitation to spend his holidays with Billy Preston in Kentucky. Billy Preston had a real grandmother with a lace cap, and they would have ponies and would follow a real hunt—wasn't that glorious? So, if she didn't mind—

"Now, look, Mrs. Preswald—" Dan Bedford was very serious. "If you want him here, I'll give him all the riding in West Tennessee. Not ponies, but I'd start him on gentle horses. I'll take him on a bear hunt—"

"No!" That sounded very abrupt. "Oh, I didn't mean it that way—and thank you, Mr. Bedford. But James is eight years old. If he can't make a decision for himself at eight, when can he? If James wants ponies and a grandmother in a lace cap more than

he wants the—the mother that bore him—" She burst into tears.

For three days Dan Bedford cursed this James, root and branch. Then came another letter. James, it seemed, had had a fight with Billy Preston—he was coming home to his own mother!

That ought to fix it, Dan Bedford thought. But it didn't. Now Mrs. Preswald was scared. Of this kid! "I don't know what to do!" she confessed. "I don't know how a mother ought to act. Maybe he won't like me."

Dan Bedford had an inspiration. "Has James ever ridden on the steamcars? That ought to be quite an adventure for a boy. Write him to come by stage, and we'll ride out to White's Station and meet him—that is, if you'd like to have me along."

"Oh, would you?"

"You bet I would. Fact is," he added sheepishly, "I've never ridden the steamcars myself."

Caitlin flicked out her fan—she couldn't resist. "You put things so gallantly!" she murmured.

Dan Bedford flushed a painful red. "Ah, Mrs. Preswald, what d'you want to make fun of me for?"

"Well—it's kind of fun to. But—oh, honestly—it would help so much if you'd come."

★ CAITLIN spent the night before James' arrival in a cold panic. She just didn't know how to be a mother—she didn't know what to do! Erasmus had put his black foot squarely on her pleading a headache and reneging at the last moment. Any gal in the French Quarter could have a headache. But a lady—no, a lady couldn't have a headache! . . . Oh, she did wish she was Kate Ryan of Blake's again. Just when she was getting to sleep on a hot morning, Erasmus had to send Janice, the maid, up with a cup of black coffee and the warning that Mr. Bedford would be here in an hour, and that the steam train didn't wait for scarcely *anybody*.

She brushed her black hair. She took a bath all over, and had to brush her hair again. She put on a dress, and took it off and put on another.

. . . She did have a headache now—but she would stick it out. Erasmus had told her that she couldn't even cry over James—boys didn't like that.

She couldn't get interested in the steamcars going out to White's Station, although Mr. Bedford told her, watch in hand, that they were making over ten miles an hour.

At White's Station there was the usual tavern, with a tree you could sit under and worry, with a julep for Mr. Bedford and a claret lemonade for Mrs. Preswald. . . . Oh, Caitlin wanted a drink—about three man-sized drinks. But Dan Bedford had said untactfully, "You know, Mrs. Preswald, little youngsters have a right keen sense of smell. And he might be worried about my being here, anyhow. . . . I guess I'm not putting it very nice—"

There was a hint and a challenge in that that Caitlin didn't know just how to meet. Anyhow, she didn't care—she

was worrying now about whether she'd even recognize James.

★ THE stage drove up. On the box, next the driver, was James—his small feet cocked against the dash. She needn't have worried about recognizing him. He was—heaven save us all—pure Mick. He was the spit of Shamus Ryan—an untamable mad Mick from the bogs of South Ireland. Not a red-headed, freckled Mick, but the long-jawed, black-headed, long-upper-lipped kind—the kind that would be mad and rebellious while there was one left!

"James!" she screeched. "James!"

He swung down like a small ape, and submitted, wriggling, to being kissed and to being presented to Mr. Bedford.

★ THE introduction over, Caitlin caught her son looking at her worriedly. He said, "I didn't know you'd look so pretty, mother."

She flushed happily. Then she understood his look. She said, "Didn't you want me to be pretty, sonny?"

"Well—I thought you'd look sort of older. But I think you look very nicely this way," he said stoutly.

Oh, dear heaven! He had wanted a mother with gray hair and a lace cap! The nasty little Mick—

. . . Dan Bedford might not be galling, but he was quick. He was saying, "James, we're going back on the steamcars. I know the engine driver—want to come up and say hello?"

James had never seen a steam locomotive, but he had seen all the pictures of them. He knew ten times as much about what made one go as Dan. He was instantly embroiled in the working parts of this one. "Leave him be," said the engine driver grandly. "He don't need no showin'."

The engine driver went on to assure Dan that he was going to vote for him, and that, what was more, every man that worked on his train was going to vote for him or he would personally bus' their rear end.

At this point Caitlin came up. The engineer turned shy and wiped his hands three times on the seat of his butter breeches before bowing and shaking hands with himself. . . . "Ma'am! It ain't often we haul such a pretty lady! Pretty as a red wagon!"

James stuck a face as black as a Negro minstrel's out from under the engine. He wanted to know what this bent pipe did. The engineer squinted. He scratched his head. Then, severely, "Boy, Peter Cooper designed this hawg. Who told him how it worked? Figure it out for y'self—like Peter Cooper did."

"Sho', ma'am," he told Caitlin, "I'll gladly tell him anything. But me—and Peter Cooper—we learned by figurin' it out. Old ways are best."

James came out of the bowels of the locomotive. He wanted to know what that valve did. The engineer frowned. "Boy, you ask too many questions. You come up an' ride this hawg with me. I'll make you a engineer driver or daid—one."

"James!" Caitlin shrieked. But already James was in the cab. Dan took her arm and almost forcibly swung her into one of the carriages.

"He'll be killed!" Caitlin moaned. "And he's all dirty!"

"Look here," Dan told her. "In the sweetest way, my mother like to ruined me—and maybe she did. Good heavens, if I had a son who could make the engine driver let him ride with him—"

The train rocked and roared over the rails and the engine driver and James sang *The Girl I Left Behind Me* together. Suddenly there was a lurch and the song was drowned by a rending, splintering crash. The engineer did things fast as the train slithered to a stop.

"Let's go see," he panted through a sudden cloud of steam, "what them fools back there done now!"

What had happened was a loose rail which had come curling through the floor of a carriage. It happened every so often and sometimes it speared a passenger. This time, however, nobody was more than jolted.

The engineer sent the fireman out to flag 2002. (His own train was 1001. It sounded a lot handsomer that way—folks liked progress—and the trains ran just the same as if they'd been numbered 1 and 2.) The engineer and the conductor set about to soothe the jolted passengers.

"Sho', ma'am, no more'n a coupla miles to Memphis—an' you can tell

yo' friends an' relations how you been in a railroad wreck. Ain't so many folks can boast that! . . . Good walkin' all the way, seh—no more'n two mile. . . . Why, seh, do you leave yo' valise, the railroad'll deliver it, safe an' sound. . . . Miz Preswald, ma'am, yo' boy is layin' right up under the engine, yonneh. . . . Ma'am! He ain't daid by no means! He's tryin' to figure out where some kinda pipe goes, an' why. . . . Mist' Bedford, will you kindly ca'm Miz Preswald down?"

Most of the people on the train had been jolted, but nobody had been jolted as badly as Mrs. Preswald. She had been thrown right into Mr. Bedford's arms. In the sudden moment, when both of them thought they were going to die, she had known . . . and if the convulsive tightening of his hands on her meant anything, it meant that he knew too.

They walked back to Memphis, with James racing around them like an excited puppy. Caitlin said little. She didn't know what to say—she didn't know what to do.

★ CAITLIN did a lot of thinking in the days that followed, and most of it was not pleasant thinking. She knew how she felt about Dan Bedford now—there wasn't a shadow of doubt in her mind about that. But she simply couldn't have the complication of a man in her life these days—and of all men, Dan Bedford.

Madam Bedford—yes, and that Lansfield yellow-head—would be on her like terriers. But for James' sake she'd have to see it through.

And James! All James did was hang around Dan. The morning after the train wreck Dan had taken him down to the Appeal office—and it was mighty little the mother that bore him saw of him after that. Caitlin's dreams of a sweet-faced, curly-haired son in a blue velvet suit, sitting on an embroidered stool at the feet of his lovely mother, while they read or talked together! Sit! James never sat on anything if he could help it. He might twist himself into queer knots on the sofa—but sit, no.

In his first five days he had six fights, from which he emerged highly battered but triumphant. Caitlin mended roundabouts and torn shirts and wondered what she was going to do about him. He seemed to have more of Shamus Ryan's blood than Shamus Ryan had had. And that damn Appeal office!

James cared absolutely nothing about the brainery—the front office, where the stuff was written. But the drunken vagabond printer—one of a series which presided briefly over the hand press—became James' immediate god. He graciously allowed James to mash his thumb in the press, spat tobacco juice on it, soaked a filthy rag in turpentine and bound it up.

"Sure!" James told his mother proudly. "Hurt like hell! But, mother,

Gals warm up to well-groomed guys,
So, brother, why don't you get wise
To Thin Gillettes—four for a dime!
They give slick shaves—save trouble, time!



Rigid Inspection
Assures Absolute
Uniformity



Produced By The Maker Of
The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

4 for 10¢
8 for 19¢

Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27¢

that's what the printer said it would, and it did! . . . But, mother! Mother! Don't you want me to learn a good loose trade? The printer said if he had a boy that wouldn't take up with a good loose trade, he'd flail hell out of him!"

Caitlin tried to keep James inside the decorous picket fence—even by force. She had discovered that James was just as amenable to being mothered as a nice wildcat. The employment of a hairbrush where it would do the most good left Caitlin limp, white, and contrite, and James about where he had been. He seemed to feel that this was something a mother did once in a while for no valid reason, but nothing to worry a man with a good loose trade.

James was the busiest thing in Memphis. He had to see 1001 come in, and check up with his friend the engineer. All boys had to see the River boats dock. He had to learn to set type, to sort the hellbox, to ink the press. Between these occupations he spent his time at Democratic headquarters, where he folded handbills or copied lists in his cramped little-boy script. He was fanatic on Dan's campaign—so much so that Dan began to be a little worried. What if he should lose!

★ DAN was beginning to discover there was more to politics than he'd realized. Anybody would think that when Andrew Jackson had said, "A national debt is a national disgrace!" and had pretty nearly paid it off—when he had reduced taxes in the middle of hard times—when he'd rather see an honest man earn an honest dollar and keep it than get any number of votes—well, anybody would think that the voters would rally to his party and his candidate. Instead, they were singing a fool song about Tippecanoe and Tyler too, and wearing coonskin caps, and rolling log cabins around on wheels, and the cabins were full of home-pressed cider. Coonery and foolery, the old-line Democrats called it. But this Harrison (nobody knew what he stood for, and nobody does yet) continued to make gains. He could spit through his teeth, the story ran, and they had a song that ended *wirt-wirt*—with spitting through your teeth. Harrison was for the common people. Dan wasn't afraid of being licked—but he did worry about James.

"Look here, boy," he said once, as they tramped up Pontotoc Street, "it doesn't really matter whether I go in or Mr. Gypson goes in."

"Yes it does! Mr. Gypson is a thief and a scoundrel."

"Heavens, what gave you that idea?"

"The Appeal says so."

Dan laughed. "Well, Mr. Gypson says I'm a thief and a scoundrel—that makes it even."

"Ah, who cares what he says? The Appeal says he's a liar. . . . You comin' in and see mother?"

"Well—I don't believe so, this time. Now, look, James—people say a lot

of things in a political campaign that aren't strictly true."

"Ol' Gypson does—I know that. Mother just wanted to kill him the other night—"

"Well, maybe I will come in for a minute, just to say hello."

★ CAITLIN just didn't know what to do. James kept dragging Dan Bedford into the house—not that he needed much dragging. And "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" rang day-long in her ears. It had just been a flash of rhyme back there at Blake's. She would have given anything not to have started it—but it had taken on. "Tip and Ty"! She wished she had never heard of them! . . . She wished she had never heard of Dan Bedford. And James made it worse in every way he could. He dragged Dan Bedford in—threw him obviously at her.

★ IT had been a complete surprise to Dan Bedford when he won the nomination for the Assembly on the Democratic ticket. Bill Boggs, his erstwhile opponent, had come around to shake hands, stating that the best man had won and pledging loyalty to the Constitution, the flag, and, above all, to the ticket! The editor grunted—he had seen politicians, lots of them. Mr. Boggs reported back to the boys gleefully, "He ate it up! Boys, heaven has sent us a candidate! He don't know a thing—he believes you get elected by makin' speeches about the national debt. I tell you, he's pure—pure as hell! You couldn't get a candidate like this for a year like this—not once in a lifetime."

Somebody missed a cuspidor by eight inches. "But look—suppos'n this Bedford got elected. If he's like you say, he'd investigate things. Maybe close all the houses."

"Elected? Listen. You couldn't elect George Wash'nun on the Democratic ticket in Shelby this year. This year is one year you don't have to worry. This year is one year you can go for reform—better get it on the record. Don't you galoots know that in politics you got to stand for decency sometime? And here's your chance. I got you a candidate that can't be bought nor bullied. Stands four-square for somethin'—or other. And I got him this year—this year! What's more, he's got a rich ma."

Several squirts missed the sandbox. Some one said, "What I hear, Madam Bedford favors the Whigs."

Said Boggs, "Was you ever a mother? I figure her for a thousand, anyhow. But send somebody to talk to her that can hit a four-foot fireplace when he spits."

Curiously, they did get a thousand dollars out of Madam Bedford. Mr. Boggs had not been wrong about a mother.

Another person took a sudden interest in Dan's campaign. Lilian Lansfield paid more than one visit to the Appeal office. Among other things, she took a rather unusual interest in James. It seemed to her that the composing room was not just the best

place to bring up a small boy. She felt that she really ought to speak to Mrs. Preswald about it.

She took occasion to call again—this time without Mary McVeigh. She had seen James, she said, at the Appeal office. Such an attractive boy. But—oh, she did hope she wasn't being officious, but he seemed such a nice little boy to be in such an atmosphere. She had seen a whisky bottle in the office, and the whole place reeked of tobacco. And James had been sucking a piece of candy—a thing called a brandy ball. Now, she knew for a fact that these brandy balls were given to children by the rum-sellers to start a drink habit. And three of them would make a man drunk.

Caitlin didn't know whether to be scared or angry or what! Any other place, she'd have known what to say to Miss Lansfield—and her tongue ached to say it.

All she could say was, "I know, Miss Lansfield—I'd sooner not have him there. But I haven't seen James in a long time. Not since he was three. I'm—I'm just trying to get acquainted with him again." Oh, why didn't she tell off this yellow-head—slap the ears off her and throw her out? No, that wouldn't do. She had to be quiet—careful.

But wasn't three awfully young to have sent a child off to school? Miss Lansfield would have thought—

"Yes, Miss Lansfield. Awfully young. But that was the fever year—you know, when we had the fever in New Orleans—"

"Oh, Mrs. Preswald! I didn't realize! Let's see—what year was that? I must look it up. Terrible! I didn't know—"

"Oh, heaven! She's got me now! "So good of you to stop in, Miss Lansfield—I didn't have any way to get out to McVeigh Plantation to return your first call, but I will. And please give my regards to Miss Mary." Oh, heaven! All she's got to do is ask!

"So kind of you to receive me," said Lilian Lansfield. "I'll come again—soon." Now, what was it—

Caitlin lay on her bed and worried. The fever year had been '33—nobody would ever forget that. No matter how you figured it, James' age didn't work out with the fever year.

Caitlin worried—worried!

She didn't know what it was to worry—yet.

★ JAMES insisted on Caitlin's going with him to hear Dan's maiden speech—to be delivered in Memphis' new Opera House. Somehow—she didn't know how—Caitlin had a premonition of trouble. It was almost like being fey.

It increased steadily as she and James came in and found seats. She couldn't forget that terrible night—the last time she had been in an opera house. Something was going to happen—something bad!

But there was no getting out now. James had insisted that they come early so as to get seats up in front. Behind them the house was filling up

—it would be hopeless to try to fight through that crowd.

There were chairs set on the stage, and presently a lot of men came out, a little bashfully, from the wings, and sat on them. She recognized Colonel McVeigh and several others. Mr. Boggs—she recognized him—came in briskly and took a seat near the center. He got a round of applause. Then Dan Bedford came in. He looked worried and unhappy as he sat down in the middle. He had a sheaf of papers in his hand, which he put on the table at the center. The table also had a white hotel pitcher and a glass. Dan got a thunder of applause, bowed, and went back to his chair.

Colonel McVeigh got to his feet. He was spare, graying, a little over fifty. He had known General Jackson, he said, since the Battle of New Orleans. He had known Mr. Bedford for about the same time—since Mr. Bedford was born—and he had known Mr. Bedford's father before Mr. Bedford was born. In that time he had never heard of General Jackson or any Bedford doing anything dishonorable, or being less than zealous and able in the service of their country. Without qualification he endorsed the candidacy of Mr. Daniel Bedford, son of his old comrade in arms, for the State Assembly.

★ IT was a stiff speech and it didn't get much applause. People liked Colonel McVeigh, but he had no genius for rousing a crowd. Caitlin choked and blew her nose on her small handkerchief. But she had known General Jackson! Oh, if only these people could see this wide America—

Mr. Boggs was on his feet, his hands wide to still the applause. "Mah friends—and you are mah friends—I am the defeated candidate for the Democratic nomination. I say no word of the methods used—Colonel McVeigh has endorsed our candidate. Where Colonel McVeigh does not fear to follow General Jackson, I may say, humbly, that I do not fear to follow Colonel McVeigh!"

("You was scared to folla 'em to N'Awlins in 1815, you yellatail!" yelled a grizzled, long-legged riverman.)

The riverman was hastily thrown out. Mr. Boggs continued without a hitch.

"Mah friends—I got licked. I don't hold a grudge—the best man won. A man who's educated—his folks sent him to college. Sent him East to college. Fact is, friends, I got what readin' an' writin' I got at a log school right here in Tennessee—I don't even know the name of the college he got sent to."

(He waited and got his laugh on that.)

"Looks," continued Mr. Boggs, "like a man who's educated back East—who's got money behind him—who's endorsed by General Jackson and Colonel McVeigh—well, I won't put my own endorsement in. I'm a plain man and it wouldn't be fitting. I'm fifty-two years old and I've served

Shelby County as good as I know how. Now a younger, richer, better educated man has licked me for the nomination. I want you, mah friends, to act right. I want you to do like I am going to do—give him your full support! I want you to rise on yo' feet and holler fo' Big Dan Bedford of Shelby County!"

They rose on their feet and hollered obediently. But it was not for Big Dan Bedford they hollered—it was for Mr. Boggs' speech.

"That ought to do it!" whispered the ward politicians in the back rows. "Enough to lick him right now!"

"Yeah—yeah—" worried one who was facing indictment. "But do he get elected, he's liable to investigate! I favor shootin' him!"

★ DAN BEDFORD was on his feet. He didn't start very well. His voice sounded scared. Caitlin gripped James' hand—she knew he was disappointed.

Dan took a drink of water. Then he grinned.

"Ladies and gentlemen—I feel pretty foolish up here tonight. I had a fine speech written." He held up the sheaf of papers. "I was going to speak it—but I guess I won't. I'll try to get as much as we have type for—and room for—in the Appeal day after tomorrow. A speech goes better read than heard. You can skip."

He got a real laugh on that. The politicians whispered.

Dan said, "Mr. Boggs has said that I have the endorsement of General Jackson and Colonel McVeigh. I have those endorsements, and I am very proud to have them. But all they mean is that I am a friend of theirs—and honest so far.

"Now the Whigs have put up Mr. Gypson to oppose me. I assume he will be honest and decent. It probably will not matter a great deal, except to a few professional politicians, which of us is elected. To those county officers who cannot come up accurately with their books I say, If I am elected, you are going to have a bad time."

"He might get elected!" worried the politician facing indictment. "He's doin' different! You told me his speech was gonna be all about the Specie Circular an' nobody'd listen." "Now, listen, Ed—did I ever double-cross you?" "Yeah. Every time you got a chance. I favor shootin' him—he might get elected!" "Now listen. Nobody ever got himself elected on a first speech. If he did, it ain't certain he'd get you. There's lots of crooked-er—listen, Ed!"

Down the street outside came a confused yelling, the thump of feet stamping in unison, a brass band—

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too! Tippecanoe and Tyler too!

With them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van;

Van is a used-up man—"

Even inside the Opera House, feet began to tap. The back rows began to melt away—the middle rows. It

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See
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was mighty hard for a speech to compete with tossing torches around a log cabin on wheels, a stamp-and-go song, coontail caps, and unlimited hard cider. A Tip-and-Ty unscheduled rally was in progress. Frankly, it was more fun than the best speech.

Dan Bedford went on for a few more words. Then he grinned.

"Well, I reckon I've said about everything I meant to say, anyhow. Ladies and gentlemen, shall we go join the excitement?"

A few lingered in the aisles—notably the party from the McVeigh Plantation. Miss Lansfield drew a quick breath. Mr. Bedford had spoken so well. What a pity he had to be on the losing side!

A gentleman who had just come up this afternoon from New Orleans bantered her. "Why, Miss Lansfield, you wouldn't have him give up his sacred principles to win, would you?"

"Of course not. But the principles aren't much good unless he can be elected and put them into practice."

The New Orleans man bowed. "You have me there, ma'am! What do you say, Miss Mary? She has me cornered—can't you get me out?"

Mary McVeigh said, "No! I'm a Jackson Democrat. Your little funniness isn't funny to me. Politics shouldn't be funny to any American. Not this year." She turned away.

☆ "POOR Mary!" The New Orleans gentleman shrugged. "You know, she's lovely in certain lights. And Colonel McVeigh is not unendowed—splendid family, too. And she's pure—pure as the driven snow. Not that I ever tried out any snow," he added in a thoughtful golden drawl.

Miss Lansfield stared at him. "You—you—Why, you wicked man! To say such a thing!"

"Yes'm," he agreed mournfully. "I've got a very bad reputation from here to New Orleans. . . . Look, we're blocking the aisle, Miss Lansfield—might move a little more north and I'll guarantee to prove I'm wicked?"

Miss Lansfield regarded the invitation snakily for an instant—then giggled and took his arm. "You are wicked!" she said.

There was a little knot of people still blocking the aisle. Colonel McVeigh was telling all and sundry what a low lot of cattle the coonery and foolery Tip-and-Ty crowd were. Caitlin and James found themselves side by side with Miss Lansfield and a gentleman. James, who was trying hard to learn the manners that his mother was trying to teach him, said, "How do you do, Miss Lansfield?" and bowed as well as he could in the crowd.

An instant later Caitlin found herself face to face with Miss Lansfield's escort. . . . It was Bruce Norris.

She saw his eyes widen in startled recognition. It gave her the fraction of a second that she needed to get hold of herself. Miss Lansfield was saying, "Mrs. Preswald, may I present—oh, but do you know each other?"

"Why—why, we haven't met." Cait-

lin was grasping at anything. "I saw Mr.—Mr.—" Oh, good, Caitlin! You don't know his name! . . . "Norris? Thank you, sir. I saw Mr. Norris on the boat—the Vicksburg—coming upriver. But we didn't meet."

Bruce Norris said easily, "I just came up with the other boat for the ride. I mistook Mrs. Preswald for—somebody I had known back in New Orleans. You know, you're startlingly like her, Mrs. Preswald."

Caitlin smiled, with hell in her heart. "I hope that's complimentary, sir!"

He was saying, "I'm afraid I don't know just how to answer that, Mrs. Preswald. She was very lovely—but she was a bad little thing. Oh, I don't mean to say I knew her at all well. May I call soon? This is no place to reminisce."

☆ SO this was the end! Caitlin had wanted to run all the way home from the Opera House. She had had to stroll, taking Dan Bedford's arm and listening to his talk of moonlight over the Mississippi, while James ran circles around them like a hound puppy let loose and whined to go and throw brickbats at the torch-tossing, band-blaring Tip-and-Ty rally a few squares away.

It was done—ended! . . . James was in bed at last and she was trying to get her disordered thoughts together.

Pack up—get out! . . . But where? The more she ran, the more trail she'd leave. New Orleans—now Memphis! . . . Oh, Texas, maybe. But every one from Memphis and New Orleans was going to Texas! Wasn't there a hiding place in America where a woman could bring up her son like his father's people?

Something hard took hold of her. Why not like his mother's people? Shamus Ryan had never run away from a fight! And she was thinking to run away from a cheap piece of jerry-built like Bruce Norris. . . . No, by heaven!

There was Erasmus to be thought of. . . . She called in Erasmus. She was not taking orders now—she was giving orders. But she was glad of advice.

Erasmus agreed that the sooner he got out of Mrs. Preswald's house and out of her life, the better. If she was going to fight it out—she was!—Mr. Bruce Norris would recognize Erasmus at once. The moment Mr. Norris spread that kind of talk, there were at least two dozen Memphis gentlemen who had seen Erasmus as Mr. Blake's servant, either on boats or in the house. . . . Erasmus felt that he should leave for New Orleans on the next boat.

"Not," said Erasmus honestly, "that I think Mr. Norris would spread the story. If he did, he'd mighty soon be facing Mr. Bedford's pistol."

"Oh, no—no!" Caitlin gasped. "It couldn't—"

"Not much danger of that, Mrs. Preswald. It's true Mr. Norris has a reputation as a duelist—but he doesn't fight unless there is something in it

for him. You can explain my going downriver by saying that I was just loaned to get you settled in Memphis."

☆ FOR three days Norris let her worry. Then he paid an afternoon call. Janice, the maid, brought his card to Caitlin.

Caitlin fell on her knees beside her bed and prayed. Then she took a stiff jolt of brandy and went downstairs.

Norris greeted her with, "Heyo, Kate—how's it coming?"

She had expected that. She had practiced the little start and the widening of her eyes that she used now. "But—Mr. Norris! I'm afraid I don't understand—"

"You're afraid all right, my dear. And you understand all right, too. I didn't queer your pitch the other night, but don't try to give me turnsips when we're alone."

"Mr. Norris! I must ask you to leave at once! . . . Mr. Norris! Kindly take you feet off my sofa, sir! It isn't seemly—and your boots are dusty!"

"Bottle it, Kate! I'm here to talk turkey."

Caitlin moved over and pulled the bell cord. "Go on with your windy," said Bruce comfortably, as she moved over to her small desk and began to scratch a hurried note. "I can wait."

Caitlin was still writing when the maid appeared. Bruce still had his feet on the sofa—a mistake, he realized the instant he saw the wench's expression. He took them down. "Now wait a shake, Kate—"

Caitlin folded the note and handed it to the maid. "Janice, run with this to the sheriff's office—run!"

"An' leave you heah wid the gen'leman, ma'am? De gen'leman look kindo overtook, ma'am—"

"Run, I tell you! The gentleman is—not himself. But he won't steal the silver. Hurry, Janice!"

The door slammed. The flat *clop-clop-clop* of Janice's running feet died in the distance.

Bruce was on his feet—but he grinned. "Bravo, Kate! Now let's get down to cases. You know what I want."

"Please recover your senses, sir, and go before the sheriff comes. I don't want to embarrass your host, Colonel McVeigh. I know that gentlemen sometimes make mistakes when they are in liquor. But, believe me, sir, Colonel McVeigh will not take yours kindly. . . . Oh, please go!"

He gripped her slim wrist and swung her toward him. "Kate, honey! You know what I've always wanted. I'm mad about you. I'll marry you, no matter what you've been—"

He broke off. With her free hand Caitlin had reached into a desk drawer. She had a derringer—and it was right up against his waistcoat.

Will Caitlin's carefully laid plans be ruined because of Bruce Norris? Or can she still bluff him and carry on? Danger looms large on the horizon as new complications menace Caitlin's future. Don't miss the next thrilling chapter!

TO THE LADIES



BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

★ THE Old Farmer's Almanac is copyrighted now under a woman's name. She's Mabel Swan, widow of Carroll Swan, its late publisher. Mrs. Swan lives in Boston; takes heartfelt pride in the Almanac, which this year is issuing its hundred and fiftieth consecutive annual. It is published currently by Robb Sagendorph, a lank Yankee who looks like Abe Lincoln without whiskers. But I'm glad to realize that a woman has an essential part in perpetuating this great medium of farmcraft and homelore. After a hundred and fifty years the Almanac is still primarily a calendar. That's why I call your attention to it now, at New Year's time. It deals with phases of sun and moon, planting and harvest, crop and weather predictions. It deals also with human conduct, in the plain country words of cracker-barrel philosophy. Here are some of the Almanac's many wisdoms for 1942: . . . "January: Several mornings this year, the sun will rise before certain people discover it, and set before they have done their day's work. . . . April: Have you renewed your subscription to your local paper? Do it without delay. . . . July: When you have no pants to hold up, it's a panic. . . . November: Love thy neighbor, yet pull not down the hedge. . . . December: Everything has an end except a sausage which has two." . . . Let's wish long continued success to the Almanac and its fans, be they farmers or city folk, old or young, male or female.

★ THIS is the true story of a miracle—magic of science and of the heart. . . . For a number of years a wealthy industrialist living in the West has been asking a girl to marry him. She wouldn't. She didn't love him. Meanwhile, through her work as a nurse, she met and fell in love with a young man who had been totally blinded in an auto accident. Her rich suitor cared deeply enough to spend thousands for specialists who might restore his rival's eyesight. They did. After several operations the young man sees as well as ever. The girl sees better. She sees that her feeling for him was largely pity. She has married the man who gave so generously to another—because he loved her.

★ DID you have any New Year's callers? Introduced by Holland settlers in the New World, New Year's calling was long a pleasant custom. Round town went the men in various age groups, paying brief

calls—no longer than a half hour at each place. Women of the family stayed home to greet the visiting men. Eggnog has always been the favorite refreshment in some localities, while in others the custom persists for cake and wine. Though sherry, madeira, port, and tokay are now best known—blackberry wine is also a great holiday favorite. I have just sampled a very excellent blackberry wine from Ohio, fresh tasting and not too sweet. Perfect with any company cake. Ohio wines have distinct character, dry yet substantial in flavor and body.

To me they resemble French wines of the Rhone Valley.

★ BUSIEST lady I know right now is one who has just become a grandmother in three places at the same time. Within a week each of her two married daughters had babies, one in Philadelphia, the other in Cleveland. To top it off, her son's wife had a baby the following week in Arizona.

Fortunately, the tri-state grandma can afford air travel. Now she's flying from kid to kid.

★ A HOLLYWOOD friend writes to say how nice it is when both husband and wife are interested in aviation. Star Joan Fontaine took her first flying lesson, and husband Brian Aherne decorated her immediately with a smart little pair of gold-and-diamond wings. . . . Wings are dandy, dearie—and diamonds are always nice!

★ CLARA BARTON said, "Everybody's business is nobody's business. I'll make nobody's business my business." So she founded the Red Cross. Blanche Colton Williams' new book, Clara Barton, Daughter of Destiny, is good reading. (Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company.)

★ WISH some one would put these novelties on the market in 1942: (1) Pocket-size fingernail brush in waterproof case. . . . (2) Pads of paper pot-and-pan holders, to throw away when soiled. . . . (3) Lifelike sprays of artificial berries to mix with natural foliage for winter bouquets.

★ IT'S been 450 years since the numerals 1, 9, 4, and 2 headed our calendar. Last time was 1492. Remember what happened then? Next time will be 207 years from now, in 2149.

I wonder what that year will bring to us.

CORN ON THE GOB!

or, Buoy Meets Gull—The
nautical notes of a new and
nutty sailor on the screen

BY RAGS RAGLAND



READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ WHEN it comes to talking about sailors and boats, I'm the man for you—I've been at sea all my life. Why, as a youngster I was on seven whaling expeditions—to the woodshed! Salt water was always in our family. My father was a famous sea captain. Every one knew him. Even the Finance Company called him "the old skipper."

I'll never forget the first boat trip I took. It was some craft. The officials were so darn particular who got on the boat—they wouldn't take anything but registered cattle. And high class! Listen. They even had double-breasted life preservers!

That first cruise, how well I remember. I realized that only rich people went first class—so I went as a stowaway because I didn't want to show off!

When we steamed into San Francisco harbor I saw a bird sitting on the harbor marker. That gave me an idea for a story—Buoy Meets Gull!

After that I couldn't keep the salt water out of my veins. When people talked about boats, even my heart beat a tattoo. So it was only natural I should play a goofy sailor on Broadway in Panama Hattie—and only more natural I should now find myself acting a sailor on the M-G-M lot in the movie version of Panama Hattie.

I can speak with authority about America's navy because I was in it—until they learned my girl friend was a football fan and I'd joined so I could get her passes to the Army and Navy game! But any one who has been a sailor as much as I have can certainly tell you a few inside things about our armada.

I still recall affectionately that first battleship I was on. True, the food was so terrible even the sea gulls complained. But that boat was fast. In fact, it traveled so fast that when I spotted a school of whales I turned to my superior officer and gulped, "Gosh, look at those sardines!" Another thing: Uncle Sam must have the classiest ships in the business. On my ship even the smokestacks were cork-tipped! And huge? Heck! The lifeboats had lifeboats!

Our ship maneuvered a good deal off Hawaii—and this showed how much our navy has improved. We used to have only a few sailors. Now there are gobs of them! But Hawaii wasn't bad. Outside of Honolulu, wherever I looked there were grass skirts. They were having a special agricultural movement at that time—and you should have seen them rotate their crops!

In a Honolulu hotel lobby I decided to gain the respect of my fellow sailors by picking a fight. I wanted to bet I could lick any one—and finally the elevator boy took me up!

Our first day on the ocean, we thought we'd see action. We sighted a Japanese boat—the M. S. Panhandler—just a tramp steamer. But even though it was a tramp steamer we didn't give it a thing!

On the second day the admiral called me in for a conference.

"So, Ragland," he began, "you claim to be a veteran sailor. Well, the navy can use you!"

"Only one thing, admiral. There's a ship in distress out there. Can't something be done about it?"

"Don't worry," said the admiral; "we've already sent a line to the crew to come aboard."

"Sent a line? Must they have a formal invitation?"

The admiral winced, then decided to find out how much I knew. He wanted to know the best place to put me.

"Ragland, what would you do if a sudden storm hit the starboard?" he asked.

"Throw out an anchor, sir."

"What would you do if another storm sprang up aft?" he asked.

"Throw out another anchor, sir."

"And if another storm sprang forward, then what would you do?" he asked.

"Oh, throw out another anchor."

"Wait a minute, young man," interrupted the admiral. "Where are you getting all these anchors from?"

"Well, sir, from exactly the same place that you're getting all your storms!"

Later, I was permitted to steer my first battleship along the Hawaiian coast. I told the admiral I had had a lot of experience at steering boats. "Besides," I told him, "I've been running boats through these islands for so long that I know where every sand bar is!" That exact moment, our ship hit a submerged sand bar, shivering the mammoth craft from stem to stern. "There, you see," I explained, "that's one of them now!"

I had a swell bunkmate on the ship. Every one called him Auto—he came from Mobile. On his wall was a photo of his girl friend. He called her Flo because she talked in a steady stream. He told me he'd always wanted to be a sailor. Even as a little kid he wanted to join the navy—but his dad knocked the tar out of him!

When he finally did join, he told me he was disappointed. He joined

the navy to see the world—and spent four years in a submarine. But he knew plenty about undersea craft.

"A submarine is merely an ordinary boat that dunks," he explained. "My job on the sub? I'd run forward and hold her nose whenever we took a dive! I was finally bounced out when they asked me to stand hatch watch—I thought they wanted me to chap-eron an incubator!"

This Auto was a smart guy. One day he even wrote a letter to our government asking them to put Joan Crawford's picture on dollar bills—so that sailors wouldn't mind kissing their money good-bye!

We decided to form a ship's orchestra for diversion. We called it "Rags Ragland's Individual Orchestra—Every Man a Leader!" It was the only orchestra in the world where the drum carried the tune. The trumpet player was crazy—I mean he was half notes. And the saxophone player! If he had to blow four consecutive notes the rest of us had to stop and give him artificial respiration! But one thing, we really lived our music. Every time the gang played Old Man River they wore swimming trunks! And hot? The boys were so hot that when they played Old Black Joe he came out in technicolor!

One rich Honolulu dame even wanted to back us. She was a society singer—that is, always putting listeners in the misery she should be put out of!

We finally disbanded after the review of our first concert came out in print. The critic wrote:

"If the opening number, which wasn't listed, wasn't a number, then it was the longest tuning-up I ever heard. Furthermore, if Rags Ragland is a conductor, I want a transfer!"

After that I stuck to pure sailing. We got around a good deal. That's one thing about the navy. In India I saw elephants bathing with nothing on but their trunks! In Africa I saw five of the cutest little Ubangi babies playing in the shade of their mother's lips! The equator was the hottest place on the globe—so hot that fishes were swimming about with their heads above water!

We even stopped at Panama—and it was a sight. In the harbor native boys would dive for pennies, but I wasn't very interested in that—I made only eight or nine cents!

In fact I did so much traveling in

my short time in the navy that when I got back, M-G-M told me I had just been elected an honorary gypsy!

However, it wasn't as easy as I've been making out. Once there was a storm—and the only thing I could keep on my stomach was my hands! There were no battles, though. The only naval engagement involved the captain and the admiral's daughter!

Our fourth day at sea we sighted another boat. It was the first time I ever saw a raft with portholes. It was a Chinese steamer.

Our equipment was out of order, so the superior officer grabbed me and said:

"Ragland, signal that Chinese ship with my shirt!"

"Aye, aye, sir," I said.

I signaled.

"Well, what did they say?"

"They say," I reported, "Get that shirt cleaned!"

My life as a sailor taught me a lot of things. Seriously. I could tell the difference between starboard and port—just by tasting one glass of each. I learned why ships were christened with wine—because once the ship touched liquor, it always stuck to water after that! I learned it was O. K. if sharks hitchhiked along with the boat—as long as they didn't bite their initials in the rudder!

Really, it's terrible how little ordinary people know about their navy. Why, once, when we were in port, I was showing a lady visitor about.

"That's the crow's-nest, ma'am," I pointed out.

"Now, isn't that cute!" she answered. "Could I have a peek at the darlings?"

That same woman wanted to know why the captain was walking around wearing a diving helmet. I pointed out that was only his new hat—he hadn't had time yet to take it out of the box!

Well, anyway, this little excursion of mine should serve its purpose—that is, give Americans a better picture of their ships and their ships' men.

It's a great thing to be a sailor, believe me. I was one at sea, on Broadway, in Hollywood, and I know. Every one is interested in you. . . . Why, when I left the navy and took a train back to Hollywood, there was a huge crowd at the station. And when I got off—they got on!

THE END

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- 4—Lady Macbeth, to herself, in Shakespeare's Macbeth.
- 5—At the right—the place of honor.
- 6—In New York City—the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.
- 7—Because in olden days it was thought Satan appeared as a black cat.
- 8—Conquest, Slaughter, Famine, and Death.
- 9—The Hawaiian Islands, who were anxious for our protection.
- 10—No. Printing had been known for centuries. Gutenberg developed movable type.
- 11—The First and Second Battles of Bull Run.

- 12—There are 435 members of the House. Yes.
- 13—A bet made before one has seen one's cards.
- 14—They were fictitious names used in court cases, similar to our John Doe and Richard Roe.
- 15—This is the capital of Surinam, otherwise known as Dutch Guiana.
- 16—Skittles is an old English game similar to ninepins.
- 17—It's a sentence that reads the same forward as backward—as "Madam, I'm Adam."
- 18—In "Delaware," the state.
- 19—Coins and medals.
- 20—When a boy went sparking—early American for courting—the girl's mother turned the lamp up on his arrival. When she turned it down, it was time for him to go.



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FULTON OURSLER

THE LAST WORD!

SECRET STRENGTH IN THE PACIFIC

ON THAT BLACK SUNDAY

of December 7, 1941, a day that President Roosevelt said would live in infamy, the issue of Liberty Magazine then on the newsstands contained an astonishing, indeed prophetic, foreign dispatch. It was Hallett Abend's article Report from Manila! That article began with these words:

"BY CABLE FROM MANILA.

"This war' they call it in Manila now. There's no longer any pretense that peace can be maintained with Japan. The American army, navy, and air force in the Philippines exist and operate under war conditions. All defense forces of the islands are braced to sustain the first blow and then strike back—hard."

There was no reason, then, for readers of Liberty to be surprised that Japan should strike that first blow. Mr. Abend in his cable had sought fully to prepare the American mind for what the Far East considered inevitable. That article had already been read in millions of American homes four days before the Japanese struck. Indeed, it is not saying too much to point out that the American public, through this magazine, had been repeatedly warned of this catastrophe. Since 1932 we have published in these pages thirty-seven articles dealing with the relations between Japan and the United States. The authors of these articles were often Japanese, including Yosuke Matsuoka, Hiroshi Saito, Prince Konoye, and many others. They included also General "Billy" Mitchell, whose ghost must have ridden the winds over the War and Navy departments in Washington, wringing its hands when the Repulse and the Prince of Wales were sunk by bombers. General Mitchell warned the United States through Liberty that Japan would strike without warning. So did many others. And, fantastic as it sounds, there appeared in this magazine in the year 1936 a novel called Without Warning, written by Major George Fielding Eliot. In its second chapter the Japanese made a devastating surprise attack on Hawaii. An American admiral in this story declared "They have caught us with our shoes off and the road is full of tacks." Liberty is

proud of its record—we warned America four times a year for ten years of sudden trouble coming in the Far East. We are proud also that during this same period we published uncounted articles and editorials urging the United States to prepare to defend itself. For doing this we were roundly abused. The Communists called us warmongers and irresponsible sensationalists. Of course there is no point whatsoever in saying "I told you so." We call attention to these facts, to this record of which we are proud, for two reasons. First, it is a witness of the patriotism of modern American journalism: its accuracy and trustworthiness. Second, it high-lights another important article on the Far East which will appear in these pages next week. Again the author is Mr. Hallett Abend, veteran correspondent and long-time head of the New York Times Bureau in Shanghai, where I first made his acquaintance. Many will remember how Mr. Abend was injured in the bombing of Shanghai. Mr. Abend's new article is called Secret Power in the Far Pacific and gives the results of his observations during a recent tour through the theater of war. Just as Mr. Abend called the time almost to the hour in his report from Manila, so he will hearten you with the information that he gathered firsthand to show why we may look the future confidently in the face so far as Japan is concerned.

BUT ALL IS NOT WAR, WAR, WAR.

We bring you next week another condensation from the best-seller list, a streamlined brief of one of the most extraordinary of the popular new novels, Storm, by George R. Stewart. There is a fine short story especially recommended, Never from Valiant Men, by I. A. R. Wylie; a boxing quiz by Jack Dempsey, and another in the new series of pictures by the famous Señor Molina Campos—following the painting in this issue of a gaucho from Brazil meeting a traffic cop in Times Square, with some quizzical text purporting to be a letter home from this gaucho, by John Erskine.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER: MICKEY, ROONEY, METRO-
GOLDWYN-MAYER STAR



"Nobody's trying to make you a goat!" coaxed Elsie

"THEN why," demanded Elmer, "am I the only one around here who has to make New Year's resolutions?"

Elsie, the Borden Cow, explained: "My resolutions all have been made for me. Long ago—by the Borden experts and scientists who make sure that I always lead a pure and blameless life."

"Some life!" grunted Elmer. "Do you think I'd let myself in for anything like that in *writing*?"

"It's a wonderful life!" Elsie protested: "I love knowing that it helps me to bring purer, better *Borden's Milk* to people. And heaps of pure, delightful things that are made from that milk. It proves that good resolutions are certainly worth-while."



"I presume," said Elmer, sarcastically, "that you have in mind a few suggestions as to what resolutions I should make?"

"Yes, indeed," Elsie replied happily. "First of all, you should resolve not to lose your temper any more. Keep cool—the way folks do with *Borden's Ice Cream*. Though I think they principally like it for the smooth, pure lusciousness it gets from such grand milk and cream."

"I see," frowned Elmer. "Back to your milk and cream again. Well, what's next on

my program of good resolutions?"

"You might try being good to children," Elsie suggested. "So that mothers learn to



look up to you and trust you—the way they do *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*. That's so digestible and rich in vitamin D that doctors approve it for babies. And it's



the secret of lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes, too."

"I never realized before how improving good resolutions could be," snarled Elmer.

"I'm so glad you're being sensible," Elsie beamed. "You can also resolve to develop the sweet side of your character, Elmer. Everyone loves sweetness—particularly the scrumptious sweetness of the marvelous cookies, candies, and cake frostings that are made with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*."

"You're not afraid, are you," rumbled

Elmer menacingly, "of overdoing my Great Reform? Perhaps I shouldn't try too sud-



denly to give up all my old habits."

"We must all make sacrifices," Elsie blithely encouraged. "I know I feel fully rewarded for some of mine every time I see a creamy, golden-crust piece of *Borden's Liederkranz*—one of the noblest of the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*."



"It must be nice," Elmer growled bitterly, "to be so cocksure everything good under the sun is the result of your own goodness."

"I don't feel that way at all," corrected Elsie. "I feel it's Borden care and Borden skill that make everything that's Borden's so good. I don't happen to have anything to do with *Borden's None Such Mince Meat*. But no one ever tasted more fragrant,



juicy, spicy mince pies than None Such makes. . . Now, Elmer, won't you sign your New Year's resolution—right here?"

"NO!" bellowed Elmer. "I refuse to be led by the nose! I refuse to be bulldozed!"

"You're being *bullheaded*," Elsie told him. "It's by being reasonable and listening to others and taking good advice that millions of people today have learned to their joy . . . 'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'"

Full-color Elsie Pictures from the ads—illustrations only, no advertising. Set of six suitable for framing, 7½ x 7½ inches. Write Elsie, Dept. 2-C, Post Office Box 54, New York, N.Y., enclosing 10 cents.

In Canada, address Borden, Toronto, Ontario.



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